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NASBY IN EXILE.

The Confederate X Roads Sage in Europe.

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XI.

FROM LONDON TO PARIS—THE OLD CITY OF ROUEN.

Good bye, for the present, to London. Good-bye to its smoke, its fogs, its predatory hackmen, its bad water, its worse beer, its still worse gin. Good bye to its eternal ruins, its never ending badly-dressed men and worse dressed women. Good-bye to very bad bread. Good-bye to the greatest collection of shams and nobility, goodness and cruelty in the world. Seven weeks in London and its environs is all that an American can endure who ever expects to get back to his own country. Were fate to have a spite at him, and condemn him to make his residence there forever, he would settle down as a man does in a penitentiary and do the best he could, but for one who has a hope of returning to a country that was made after the Maker had had some experience in making countries, a longer stay in London than seven weeks would be too much. Seven weeks of blackness and depression—seven weeks of exasperation and discomfort, seven weeks of extortion and tipping, seven weeks in an English suit of clothes is all that an average American can endure.

And so good-bye to London till we renew our strength and can tackle it again. It is not exhausted, nor could it be in a year. It is a brute among Cities, but it is a mastodon. It is a very large and variegated animal.

To the south lies France—La Belle France—and thither we go. Our landlady would hold us if she could, and gave expression to many reasons why we should stay in London. It is very warm in Paris, it is very disagreeable crossing the Channel, Paris is unhealthy. At this time of the year Paris is crowded, and it is probable that we will not be able to get apartments such as would be suitable. It is not the season in Paris, and we had better go there later, and so on and so forth. You see the season in London is waning, and the good lady will have difficulty in filling her rooms. It is delicately hinted that if a slight deduction in rent (we have been paying three prices) would be an object, etc. But it all avails nothing. We should go to Paris if we should be compelled to sleep under a bridge and eat in a market. It is not so much to get to Paris as it is to get out of London, and raise our spirits to something like their normal condition. And so, when the good woman finds there is no holding us, she makes out our bill vindictively, racking her imagination to find items to insert, and weeping, no doubt, after our departure over items that she might have inserted, but, in the hurry, forgot. The cabman, knowing by the station he was driving us to that we were going, managed to charge an extra shilling, and at the lunch counter at the station we paid an extra penny for the everlasting ham sandwich which was to be the last. And when the last tip was paid, and the last extortion submitted to, we were finally locked in our villainous compartment, and were off. London, or the fog that covered it, faded from our sight, we saw the sun, and were scurrying through the green fields and the real delights of rural England.

LEAVING ENGLAND.

From Victoria Station to New Haven is not the most interesting trip that can be imagined, although there are picturesque Towns, waving fields of grass, with an occasional bit of woods, that relieve the journey of some of its unpleasant features, and make it rather enjoyable. But by the time one has gone through miles and miles of such scenery the Towns become monotonous, each succeeding field of grain waves just as the one before it did, the woods, miniature forests, are just alike, and leaning back in the corner of the compartment the time is spent in dozing until 11 o'clock when the train rushes into the station at New Haven, and we struggle through the dimly lighted passages to the dock, where lies the steamer that is to take us across that bugbear of all tourists, the English Channel.

And then we have the satisfaction of learning that the tide is not in, and the steamer will not leave for two hours and a half. It is a dark, windy night, and there is no way to spend the time, save by pacing up and down the narrow confines of the deck, watching the enormous cranes loading huge packages of merchandize into the vessel's hold; or taking a stroll along the dock, regardless of the momentary danger of stumbling over an unseen cable and pitching headlong into the water.

There is one other way of passing the time. Whenever a tourist can find nothing else to do, he eats. There is in the station at New Haven the inevitable lunch counter, with the orthodox ham sandwich and bitter beer. To this everybody was attracted as by a magnet. There is no escaping it. Nobody was hungry, but it seems to be a law of nature that you must eat ham sandwiches while you wait at railroad stations. And in obedience to this law a cart-load of ham sandwiches were devoured and paid for.

The New Haven sandwich is very like its London brother, only it is a trifle thicker. The cutter is not as expert as the London professional, but he makes it just as indigestible. It is a trifle worse because it is a trifle larger.

But time goes on, no matter how slowly it seems to move, and the tide comes in although its rise cannot be seen, and so, just before one o'clock the warning whistle was given, the passengers took their places, the great wheels began to revolve and we slowly steamed out past the breakwater into the channel.

Why there is any necessity for making the boat's landing so far away from the deep water passes comprehension. But so it is. Instead of running the track down to the dock and establishing the station there, where there would be no occasion to wait for the tide, the steamer goes up an arm of the sea about an eighth of a mile, and has to stay there until the water is deep enough to allow the passage to be made.

Once out upon the channel the fresh breeze blows away all the wicked thoughts the two hours' detention had engendered, and as the moon breaks through the clouds, dimming the fast disappearing lights on shore, we give ourselves up to pleasant reverie. There is the memory of all that has occurred during an exceedingly busy six weeks in London, and the anticipation of experiences new and strange that are to fill in the next two or three months. And as we sit on deck smoking and dreaming until our last cigar having gone out, and the chill air made us shiver, we go below only to find fresh cause for growling at the English, and things English.

Instead of commodious, airy staterooms in which we can go regularly to bed and enjoy a good night's rest, there is nothing but a series of bunks, upholstered in a cheap red plush, on which the weary traveller may stretch himself, and putting a blanket over him, get such rest as he can from such scanty accommodations. And this, too, for the first-class passenger.

ENTERING FRANCE.

At 4 o'clock every one was turned out, for Dieppe was in sight. Such a sorry looking lot of passengers I never saw. Most of them had caught a severe cold, and all of them looked uncomfortable and cross, as though they really had not enjoyed the luxurious quarters furnished by the enterprising manager of that line.

The view from the steamer's deck was beautiful. The sun, about half an hour high made the water sparkle as the light off shore breeze rippled its surface. The channel, which had behaved wonderfully well, was dotted with fishing smacks from Dieppe, while here and there a steamer trailing a long cloud of smoke behind sailed along utterly indifferent to the smaller craft that had to tack with each phase of the ever-varying breeze.

Just ahead of us, half-hidden by chalky cliffs, could be seen a part of the Town, while to the right, huge white cliffs stretched away almost as far as the eye could reach, the straight white sides rising abruptly from the water reflecting the rays of the sun, and shining with dazzling whiteness. On the left, high up on the hills were stately mansions, pretty villas, cool looking parks and pleasant drives. It was indeed a beautiful sight, and we were gazing on it with rapture when a bell sounded, the paddle wheel stopped revolving, and we drifted slowly on.

"The tide does not serve, and we will have to cruise about here for two or three hours."

So said one of the seamen when asked why the steamer had been stopped.

It was pleasant. We enjoyed it. We fairly reveled in it. We were hungry, it's true, but what was hunger to the delight of waiting three hours in an abominable steamer? We were cold and tired. But what of that? We could gaze on white cliffs and talk pleasant things to each other for three hours!

When the tide did serve, and we were landed, which happened about 6 o'clock Sunday morning, we went through the Custom House. Our countenances expressing such Christian resignation must have indicated our character to the officials, for they never opened our baggage at all. They simply said: "Avez vous tabac ou liquers?" (observe how well we are getting on in French), and as we murmured "No" aloud, and to ourselves, "but we wish we had," they waved us on, and we were all right.

Adjoining the Custom House, is a coffee room, and we entered. The repast spread out for us was just a trifle the worst that was ever seen. It was worse than anything in London, and more than that cannot be said.

WHY IS THIS THUS?

I suppose it is all right, and for the best. I suppose that taking us out of London at 6 o'clock P. M., and waiting two and a half hours in Dieppe harbor also for the tide is unavoidable. But if I ever get a chance I shall ask the manager of the line these questions:

1. Do you know the hour at which the tide comes in at New Haven?

2. Do you know the hour the tide serves to enter Dieppe?

3. If so, why not give us the five and a half hours that were consumed in useless waiting at New Haven and Dieppe, in London?

4. Has your company any interest in the ham sandwich and beer counter in New Haven? and is this delay in that most uninteresting place for the purpose of compelling the waiting passengers to leave a few more shillings in England?

And I shall demand specific answers to these queries. The taste of the New Haven sandwiches is yet in my mouth.

Bad as the English trains are, in France where there is the same system, it was even worse, for we were a little shaky in our French. However, we put on a cheerful countenance, and said "Oui" to everything, and made believe we knew all about it, and let the guard put us where he pleased, and were soon humming along through the outskirts of Dieppe. We were just beginning to enjoy the prospect of rural scenery, when, without a note of warning, we plunged into a tunnel, which seemed to last forever, though it was only a mile long.

LA BELLE NORMANDIE.

Emerging from this it was seen that an immense mountain had been pierced, and we were at once in the fertile Valleys of picturesque Normandy. As the train hurried along there was a constant succession of pictures that would drive a poet or painter into rapture.

The broad valleys, the hills and dales were intersected by smooth white roads that wound around side hills, through forests and then far away over a long level stretch through queer little towns, the existence of which was never dreamed of by the outside world. All along these well kept wagon ways were lined on either side by closely trimmed hedges, shaded by tall and stately Lombardy poplars, that stood grim and erect as though they were the guardians of the country.

Here and there, between the quaint little villages, with their one main street running their entire length, were the high narrow houses of the peasants, with thatched roofs and queer little windows. Around them, neatly piled, were burdles of fagots, carefully done up and stored away for Winter use. They are a frugal people these Normans, and waste absolutely nothing.

Although it is Sunday morning, and we are sad because circumstances will not allow us to attend divine worship, it seems to make no difference with the people here, for in every field are seen women, with their high peaked bonnets, busily engaged in raking fragrant hay into huge piles, which the men, arrayed in the traditional blue blouze and overalls, are loading upon wagons for carriage to the barns.

These men and women are well built, sturdy people, who have thrived well upon the pure air that comes down from the mountains above. In the olden time the men were noted for their stature and strength, and furnished the French army with its best troops. And they are to day fine specimens of physical manhood.

I don't know why it is, but there is something irresistibly fascinating in an old castle, or the ruins of what once was a great stronghold. After passing Malaunay and getting well out into the country we came to a series of hills stretching way back from the railroad. There was a dense forest near the summit of the highest part, upon the top of which, half hidden by the trees, was part of a castle, a bit of wall and a huge round tower, all that remained of what was, in the early history of the country, a castle that was utterly impregnable. As the train wound round the base of the hill, a better view of it was obtained, and then came the longing to plunge through the forest, clamber up the steep hillside and wander through the old ruins, hunting for trap doors and deep dark dungeons, where noble knights had been confined for years and years, while his fair lady pined away and died because he came not back to her. This pleasant reverie might have gone on indefinitely, even after the romantic spot had been left far behind, had not the other passengers in the compartment began preparing to alight at the next station, Rouen.

ROUEN AND ITS SIGHTS.

We determined to stop over one train at Rouen, to see not only a French City but the old statue of the French heroine, Joan of Arc, who was there burned at the stake and the famous Cathedral therein. Tibbitts, Lemuel, was of the party, and a professor in a Western college likewise.

The Professor was calmly enthusiastic, and Tibbits was unutterably miserable. He could not speak a word of French, and it puzzled him to even order a drink. And then the wine! He did not like wine, and French brandy was not to his taste. He managed to make them understand, however, what he wanted, and managed to get it a minute after he landed from the cars.

It was Sunday, but the shops were all open, and newsboys were crying their papers upon the streets. Their announcements were very long, and Tibbits stood and heard one of them clear through.

"Listen to the little villain," he exclaimed. "I don't believe a d——d word of it." And Mr. Tibbits preached a short sermon anent the exaggerations common to newsboys, recounting the number of times he had been induced by their false representation to purchase papers in America. He considered himself too old to be taken in by a French newsboy. "Newsboys are the same in Rouen as in Oshkosh," he said.

After a light lunch in an arbor in a delicious garden back of a café, we started to see Rouen, its cathedral and the statue of Joan, and what else was to be seen. We urged Tibbitts to accompany us. He concluded to do it, though he protested that it was far more pleasant to sit in that arbor, even though it was beastly wine he was drinking instead of the delicious whisky of Oshkosh, than it was tramping around in search of antiquities.

We came to a narrow street, one of the kind only to be seen in French Cities. The entire space from wall to wall could not have been 12 feet, and on either hand were curious houses seven stories high, entered by dark, narrow tunnels rather than passages, but with flowers at every window, clear to the queer, quaint top, which was continued after it had reached what should have been its summit. The professor stopped before one of these dark passages, and observed a parcel of ill dressed but marvelously clean children—there are no dirty children in France—playing some game.

"It is wonderful," said the Professor in an extacy. "Here we of the new West, are standing on ground in a street through which may be, the soldiers of old France marched. Here are we within sight of the place where Joan of Arc was burned, on ground pressed by the feet of Charlemagne. In this house, perchance, was born heros, within these walls for hundreds of years have been born children who have grown to manhood, and died. These children playing in this gutter were born in this historic City, and—"

TIBBETTS'S OPINION.

"And they all speak French," interrupted Tibbitts, "which I can't, but thank Heaven, I can lay all over 'em in English. Look here, Professor, don't give us any more rot about this being old. We are just as old in Oshkosh as they are in Rouen. When the old Norman warriors were cruising about looked down with pot-metal, killing each other, the Indians of America were doing the same thing among themselves, only they were clothed more sensibly. A breech clout was a thundering sight more comfortable in the Summer than steel armor, and I don't know that killing a man with a lance was any more deserving of adoration than killing one with a bow and arrow. The point to it all is killing the man. Antiquity! What do you know about it? Here is a lot of stone that has been piled up a thousand years or more. How do you know but what the Indians are older than the Gauls? I hold that they are. The Gauls built a cathedral that is standing yet. I defy you to go anywhere in Wisconsin and find such a cathedral standing. What does that prove? Why, that the ancient Indians built their cathedrals so much farther back than the Gauls that they have all disappeared. Nothing can resist the iron tooth of time. Now I think that this cathedral is rather modern than otherwise (By this time we were in front of the cathedral) It is tolerably ancient, but if you want to visit a really old country you want to go to Wisconsin. That is so old that everything of this kind has disappeared entirely."

We left the Cathedral and after infinite trouble, owing to the fact that the average citizen of Rouen is sadly deficient in English, found the statue of Joan of Arc. The Professor stood before it, in an ecstatic mood, Tibbitts profoundly disgusted.

"Who was Joan of Arc, anyway?" said he. "A dreamy sort of a girl who thought she had a mission. There were no lecture courses in France that day, and no lecture bureaus. Had there been such a vent for her inspiration, she would have been an Anna Dickinson No. 1. She would have had a cause, and would have gone about France lecturing for anywhere from $150 to $350 a night, and would have made a pile of money, and bought a place in fee simple for her father, and got a lot of money in bonds, that's what she would have done. But there were no such facilities for genius at that time and so she put on armor, and led soldiers, and won victories, and finally was burned at the sake for a witch. I don't see anything special to craze over in Joan. I'm going back to the *café* and put in the time before the train leaves in literary pursuits. I'll write a letter to my mother. It's a thousand pities that we didn't go straight on to Paris, instead of stopping in this infernal old hole. We might have got there in time to go to the Mabille tonight. But it will be too late by the time we get there."

And Tibbitts left us and returned to the café and we went on.

There is nothing in Rouen that is not interesting. Sunday as it was, the sidewalks in front of the numberless cafés were occupied with chairs, the white aproned waiters flitting hither and thither serving their customers with the light wines of the country, the market was in full blast, and the business was going on the same as any other day. There is no Sunday in France, that is as Americans understand the day.

Due honor having been done to Joan of Arc we entered a narrow crooked thoroughfare, spanned by an old arch, built hundreds of years ago to mark the spot where a peasant named Rouen built the first house, erected on the site that was destined to play such an important part in the subsequent history of the country.

The one great sight of Rouen, however, is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which is one of the grandest Gothic edifices in Normandy. It dates back to 1207, and is a magnificent building. It is impossible to describe the grandeur of the structure, with its finely carved figures, its symmetrical proportions, its graceful spires and lofty towers. The interior is very fine, the high columns of white marble supporting the roof, which is formed of a succession of arches. Adjoining the high altar is the *Chapelle du Christ*, containing an ancient, mutilated figure in limestone of Richard Cœur de Lion, discovered in 1838. His heart, which was interred in the choir, was found at the same time, and is now preserved in the museum.

St. Maclou and St. Owen are two fine churches of the florid Gothic style, the latter said to be one of the most beautiful in existence. It was founded in 1318, and completed toward the close of the 15th century.

Throughout the entire City the prevailing style of architecture is Gothic, the Palais de Justice being in late Gothic, and is a very handsome building. The residences, for the most part are large and beautiful, surrounded by well kept lawns and adorned with flower beds and fountains.

Rouen is a very important cotton manufacturing place, and is one of the principal depots for the mines of Bordeaux. It is quite a commercial center, too, the Seine affording a good harbor for large ocean steamers, most of which are in the Mediterranean trade.

When we returned we found Tibbitts sitting in the arbor, with a pile of manuscript before him, and we asked what he had been doing.

"I promised the old gentleman," he said, "to learn the languages of the countries I passed through and I shall do it. I shall learn French, some afternoon when I get time. And he requested me to practice writing things for general improvement. As I am in France I have written mother a letter, and I have enclosed in it a part of a chapter of a story, into which I have jerked a lot of French to show her that I have not wasted my time. Here it is, and I think it's devilish good."

TIBBITTS'S STORY.

This was Tibbitts' part of a chapter of a story:

Precisely at the stroke of seven the Count was upon the ground, and the clock had not ceased to sound the hour before the Marquis appeared. Both threw off their outer clothing, and stood in their shirts, sword in hand.

"It's an account of a French Duel," explained Tibbitts.

"*Fromage!*" hissed the Count, between his clenched teeth.

"*Fromage gratin!*" echoed the Marquis.

The swords crossed with an angry clang.

It was a supreme moment. The two men glared at each other, each fearing to hazard a moment. Finally, tired of inaction, the Count took the offensive. His rapier flashed like lightning. With an adroit *mouton*, he well nigh succeeded in breaking his enemy's guard, indeed he would have done it but for the skill with which a *marrons glacé* was interposed.

Both pause a moment for breath. Breath is necessary to a duelist. The Marquis was the first assailant. He delivered a fierce *cotellette de veau*, which had stretched many a tall fellow on the sod, followed by a *mayonnaise*, of which few are the master, but gnashed his teeth to find himself stopped by a *pouket a la Paris*. They paused again.

"I see you have advantaged by practice with Vol au Vent," said the Marquis. (Vol au Vent was the most celebrated swordsman of Paris.) "He taught you the lunge—I invented the parry. We will resume."

They eyed each other closely.

"This time I will finish him," said the Count to himself.

Using the *pomme de terre* as a feint, he threw himself with all his force into a *paté*, and would have ended the contest then and there, but that the Marquis avoided the thrust by a *poisson*.

"Ah! ha!" said the Marquis. "I have had other masters than Vol au Vent! Didst never hear of Vol au Vents younger brother!"

"*A La Carte!*" Hissed the Marquis.

"*Table D'Hote!*" was the determined reply, and again the swords crossed.

It was over in a moment. The Marquis springing lightly back made a rapid advance. His rapier made a motion that was as quick as the stroke of a cobra. It was as fatal. A lightning like *potage*, to which the Count opposed a *patisserie* in vain, and he fell to the ground lifeless, the thirsty sand drinking up his blood.

"*Haricot!*" said the Marquis, as he wiped his sword as coolly as though blood had never stained it, and walked deliberately away.

"In the name of all that's good what is all this about?" exclaimed the Professor.

"Why, Tibbitts, all this French you have taken from this bill of fare here. *Pomme de Terre*, means simply potato, and *Poisson* is fish, *Mouton* is mutton and *Fromage* is cheese. You are not going to send this to your mother?"

"Ain't I though! The good old girl don't read French, and this will do just as well as any I ever saw in anybody's novel. It shows that I have not neglected my opportunities. Send it? You bet!"

And he did fold it, and put it into an envelope, and after several frantic endeavors he made the boy understand that he wanted a postage stamp, and in the box it went.

And now that I come to think of it, I am not sure but that Tibbitts was right. If French phrases must be used in English writing, why not take them from a bill of fare? So far as the general public goes they would do just as well. I have no doubt but his French will pass muster 12 miles back of Oshkosh.

Leaving Rouen with its rich mediæval architecture, its quaint streets and lovely parks, we cross the Seine and are whirling along at a rapid rate towards Paris, the center of the gay world. As we approach the metropolis several beautiful cities are passed, the principal one being Poissy, a town of 50,000 inhabitants, which was the birth place of St. Louis, who frequently styled himself "Louis de Poissy."

At Asnieres, the Seine is crossed for the last time, and in a few minutes Cliney is reached, and away over to the right may be seen the tomb of Napoleon, its gilt dome sparkling in the sunlight. Here we pass the fortifications and in another brief interval are in the station at Rue St Lazre, and before us with all its beauty is Paris.

BLOSS FINDS SOME "MORAL" ATTRACTIONS.

In Paris the first American I met was Bloss, my circus friend, of whom I wrote from London. He had succeeded in getting his "wonder" in Germany, and in Switzerland he had purchased two bears which he had with him.

"They are probably the greatest wonders of the nineteenth century," he remarked. "Garzong, two cogneacs, lo. I am pretty well up in French. I hev got so sence I hev bin here that I kin order my drinks without any trouble, and that's the main pint. Them bears are something inscrutable. They kin waltz on their hind legs, they kin fire pistols, and will work in splendid with my injuns. But what is more wonderful they kin ride a horse, ef the pad is made big enuff. And that's where I'm goin to fetch the public. To yootilize bears I'm goin to present a grand scriptooral spectacle. The public want moral amoosement, and the public is goin to hev it now till they can't rest. Them bears is what is goin to do it. I shel present the unparalelled spectacle uv Elijah and the bears eatin the children, all on horses. Come to think of it, wuz it Elijah, or Elisha? I've forgotten, and must read it up afore I git it on the bills. When yoo heva scriptooral spectacle yoo want be very akerit on the bills.

"It will be the gorgusest thing ever seen. Elijeh—Foggarty kin ride well enough to do Elijah, and I got a dozen kids in the company, mostly tumblin, wich will anser for the children. Elijah, perfectly bald headed, will ride in on a black hoss to slow moosic, a sort uv Scriptural waltz ez it were. The kids will ride in on spotted ponies and shout, all in chorus, 'Go up bald head.' Then the two bears—they ain't she bears, but that's no difference—will come in on white horses, and chase the children. Then the band will play furious moosic, jist ez they do at the finish of a tumblin act, and the bears will each snatch a kid by the belt, off his pony and tide out."

"But the children were eaten by the bears?"

"Cert. But suthin must be left to the imagginashen. Realism is all well enough, but it kin be carried too fur. The children will all rush out and the eatin will be supposed to have taken place outside. I can't afford to feed them bears on children every afternoon and evenin. It would draw, no doubt, but I couldn't afford sich a luxury."

"But the spectacle will draw. It will fetch the religious people. They disapprove of the circus, as a rool, but they will all come to see a great moral lesson, illustrated. To see this great moral lesson they will come early so as to get good seats, and when it is over they won't go till the show is out. To accommodate their prejodisses and give 'em the hull show I shel hev it put on the last thing, though once in they won't leave till they see the moral spectacle. To see this they'll shock their sensibilities with Mademoiselle Blanche on the tight rope, in tights. You've got to have a moral show and these bears will lay over anything on the road, becoz it's not only moral, but it's actilly scriptooral. I'm after a lot uv attractions here. There's a sword swallerer that I think I kin git, and I know uv a lot uv the loveliest anacondas that ever went under a canvass."

The old gentleman by this time had consumed a half dozen brandies and water, and was becoming incoherent. The waiter knew him so well that whenever his glass was empty he filled it without orders, all of which he approved, as it saved wrenching himself with French. "Bong Garzon" he remarked as he went off into a doze.

HOW TO GET RICH.

Rube Hoffenstein on Poor Men.

New Orleans Times.

"Herman," said Hoffenstein as he glanced over a book in which he kept small accounts, "har dot shoemaker vot keeps de corner around bald vat he owes de schore yet?"

"No, Misder Hoffenstein," replied the clerk, "but I think he vill. He vas a good man if he vas poor."

"Dot may be so, Herman, but you had better vatch him. Don't let him haf nodding more on credit. You must always dink a man vas a rasgal until he bays vat he owes; if you don't you vill lose money by dinking he vas good. My gracious, Herman, I have seen plenty uf poor men who vere good. Dey vould get dings at my schore on credit, and spend dere cash mit some one else. Vatch de shoemaker, Herman, I haf been poor myself vonce."

"De shoemaker, Misder Hoffenstein," said the clerk, "vould haf said before dis if he don't haf been so poor."

"But he don't got no pisness being dot vay," replied Hoffenstein. "A man vat vas poor, Herman, don't can blame no von but himself. Vy don't he get velty like oder people? If a man vas sadisvied mit being poor he don't can be vert a tam you know. Ven I vas beddling I vent to a velty merchant to get some goods on gredit. He don't let me haf dem, und I dold him dat I vas honesd if I vas a poor man. Vat you dink, Herman, he says: 'My frent hell vas so full uf beople in your fix dat dere legs vas sdicking de vindows out.'

"Dot exberience, Herman, learned me dot a poor man don't haf got invluence enough in dis vorld to make de dogs bark at him, und I vent to vork. Dree years afder dot I haf a dry goods schore, und vas de bresident uf a bolitical association.

"My gracious, Herman, nefer vant to be a poor man! De only ding vot a poor man can get vas religion, und he vouldn't get dot if it cost anyding. Reegolleck dot berseverance in bisness vill make you velty, und dot if you vait in de righd vay dere vas money in it. Ven I vas beeping a redail schore in de country bisness got dull und I went to Simon Krausman my vife's uncle, und I says: 'Simon, dink I vill vail, dere vas no money in de bisness any longer.' 'Reuben,' he says, 'de boys vas paying as high a dwendy cents dis year, und I dink you better vait.' I dook his advice, Herman, und nexd, ven day vas only baying den cents I vailed und made ober four dousand dollars. Shust dink uf it!

"Now dere vas Solomon Oppenheimer, who put a little schore up away oud in Arkansas, und de country fer fifdeen miles around vas so poor dot all de fleas vent away. Vell, he put his schore dere und fer seex years he vailed in pisness und now Solomon owns a gouple uf brick schores in Hous'on, Texas. He made all uf dot by his berseverance. Dink uf it, Herman, and vile you dink uf it, don't let de shoemaker ve vas dalking about get away mitout baying vat he owes."

A Distinction with a Difference.

A very dilapidated looking tramp entered the counting room of one of Jersey City's wealthiest storekeepers, and coming up to the desk, asked:

"Ain't your folks from Possy County, Indiana?"

"Yes."

"And your name is John Smith."

"Yes."

"Shake! You have at last found your long lost brother Bill. I am in need of money."

"Here is a quarter. Take it and go."

The long lost brother turned over the quarter a time or so, and then said:

"Is a quarter all you can spare for your long lost brother?"

"That's all. Go now, or I'll call a policeman," said the merchant.

"I'll accept the quarter on account of our relationship. That is a family matter; but, besides being your brother, I am a tramp and a dead-beat. Now I apply to you professionally. Give me another quarter."

The Wedding Cards are Out.

Buffalo Express.

A pretty girl out West told her beau she was a mind reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said she, "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea." Their wedding cards are out.

For the Blade.

SADDEST OF ALL.

BY HENRY LONGFELLOW KINER

Of all sad things old Time has done,
Youth's waning is the saddest one;
The old loves falls, and memories
Of tears that fell from gentle eyes,
And all those gentle eyes have done
For us, in solemn forms arise
And seem appeals without replies.

'Tis sweet to dwell on coming things,
And sweet to hope, 'tis true; and sweet
To find the flowers round our feet
That only ripened manhood brings;
But ah for buds that used to blow!
And oh for flowers of long ago!

And thus, when all is said and done,
And every tale of life is told,
And all the dreams are dreamed, I hold,
Youth's waning dream the saddest one.

For the Blade.

KNIFE, CUP AND BULLET.

The Fate of Rulers.

BY W. S. TOMPKINS.

Since the killing of Abel by Cain assassination seems to have largely filled the pages of history, especially that portion of the world's record which concerns the death of those who have ruled any part of it, and the violent deed lately attempted, at Washington has caused some to think of those facts with an unusually vived interest.

One of the earliest and most thilling portions of Roman history relates to the murder of Servius Tullius—a just and good king—529 years before the birth of Christ. His two daughters were married to the sons of a former King, and the younger, who is described as haughty and beautiful, and whose conduct proves her to have been utterly heartless, cold and cruel, formed the scheme of poisoning her husband and sister, in order that she might wed her brother in law, who stood next to Servius in the succession. Having accomplished her aim, she persuaded her new husband to mount the throne in the Senate House, and when Servius demanded what this signified he was insolently told that Tarquin, the Proud, intended to reign in his place. Remonstrating, he was killed by being thrown violently from the steps of the building, and the new sovereigns, to show their victory, drove their triumphal car over his dead body as it lay in the street since known as "The Wicked Way." The smiles of exultation they then wore were soon changed to looks of fear and hate as the enraged populace rose against them, compelling them to flee for their lives; after which the Republic was established.

As the murder of a King led to its establishment, so bloodshed and assassination marked its fall, though liberty had ceased for years ere Augustus Cæsar seized the reins of empire. Several able and powerful men having successfully conspired to control the Government, rivalries commenced among them, which led to the downfall of Pompey and the establishment of the great Julius Cæsar in his place. Pompey, fleeing from his enemies, was murdered in Egypt by some who thought thus to curry favor with Cæsar. Inveigling him into a small fishing boat from the stately vessel in which he had journeyed to the land of the pyramids, he bade a tender farewell to his wife and children, and then shortly after leaving them but while yet full in their sight, he was stabbed through and through, his body beheaded, and left on the sand exposed to public view. Though it had been done with the hope of conciliating him, Cæsar sternly expressed his disapprobation of the act, the great Julius seeming himself to feel a warning of a similar deed, by which he was struck down at the base of his dead rival's statue—a crime so familiar that we pass it by with this mere mention.

Of the 46 Emperors who followed Cæsar 33 were "put out of the way" by violence; 13 were stabbed, eight killed by the soldiers, three beheaded, three poisoned, two smothered, two killed in battle, and two committed suicide. Several of the Popes who succeeded these Emperors in ruling Rome, were also assassinated.

To transfer our attention from the sunny shores of Italy and the genial clime of Rome, to the cold, inhospitable, barbaric land, watered by the Neva and ruled from St. Petersburg and Moscow, it may be said that few sovereigns have had more frequent visits from the assassin than the Royal family of Russia. Peter the Great, whose powerful intellect and grasping authority constantly worked for his personal aggrandizement through the progress of his Empire, was first notorious for his constant war with his relatives, his weapons being imprisonment and murder. Forty miles from St. Petersburg, on an island in the Neva, stands a fortress with an unpronounceable name—Russia's bastile—built of stone and brick, with walls 60 feet high, its interior being divided into small, dark, loathsome cells, each cell often containing a prisoner for whom even Siberia was considered too mild. Here Peter the Great imprisoned his sister, his wife, and many lesser rivals and opponents. It was here, I believe, that his son was murdered by his order, and here that, probably, many lesser crimes were executed in his name. He died, and after sundry revolutions of nature and force, a descendant of an elder brother of his Czarship, Ivan by name, was placed upon the throne of all the Russias, to the express exclusion of Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter. This Ivan was but an infant and consequently was not as able to look out for himself as he should have been, and a sudden revolution deposed him a few months after his elevation, in 1740, in Elizabeth's favor. Elizabeth—well fitted, as all Russia's female sovereigns seem to have been to rule over others—consulted her own safety by shutting him up in the impregnable bastile before alluded to, where he was allowed to grow up in a half wild state, until the strangeness and peril of his situation so wrought upon his unhappy mind that he became an idiot—his dull silence of intellect being diversified at times by a maniac's violent raving, which his naturally great physical strength rendered it imprutant for any one to interfere with. During all these years he had heard nothing from the outside world, which had likewise been informed of him as little as possible, but in spite of the vigilance of his jailers rumors would leak out concerning his pittable condition, and the Russians always retained an affectionate memory of their little Ivan so suddenly vanished when so young, from the blight of imperial power to the depth of helpless impotence, thence to grow up in the condition already described. But of his mental ruin his adherents would believe nothing, and thus movement after movement was planned to restore him to the throne, keeping in constant turquietude Elizabeth and her successors. Finally, in the brilliant reign of the powerful Catherine II, officers were stationed in his cell instructed to put him to death upon the least sign of an apprehended popular insurrection, and they obeyed their orders unflinchingly. Elizabeth had died in 1762, and her nephew, Peter III.—a weak, dissolute, but kind and generous young fellow—took her place. Years before he had married, by that monarch's insercession, a daughter of one of the Generals of Frederick of Prussia, who now found herself a sharer of his throne. When they were first brought together their marriage seemed likely to be a genuine love-match—so rare in the annals of princely unions—but ere the wedding occurred Peter was scourged by the small pox, which so altered the expression of his heretofore handsome countenance that Catherine looked upon him with absolute loathing, but urged on by her ambitious friends, consented to the consummation of the marriage. After this they grew more and more apart, until his succession to the throne when he treated her more respectfully for a time, but hearing eventually that he intended to discard her and wed a mistress whom he had picked up, she determined to dethrone and succeed him, bending all the energies of her powerful intellect to this project. Space forbids the explicit narration of her manuvers; enough that she accomplished her aim, sending her husband to a distant palace where, still fearful of what he might do, she caused his assassination by poison and strangulation, three of her most devoted servants being her instruments for the purpose. While she rewarded his murderers, she pretended great sorrow for her husband's death, and gave his body a splendid funeral. Years afterward, when she died, her son Paul, who succeeded her, had his father's coffin placed by the side of hers, with an imperial crown upon it, and the same service was pronounced over both, while from one casket to the other stretched a true-lover's knot, inscribed "Divided in life, united in death;" while Peter's murderers, all living, were compelled to stand by his coffin as chief mourners, though no other punishment was offered them. These and other tragedies form a fitting prelude in Russian history to the terrible event of last March, by which the best of her rulers suffered for the sins of his fathers in true Scriptural style.

Scandinavia and Germany have each their record of Kings and Emperors murdered, as what country has not.

Those of my readers who have read Motley's Histories of the Netherlands, do not need to be told that one of the most revolting of murderous crimes was the assassination of William, Prince of Orsge—for his taciturnity known as William the Silent—July 10, 1584.

This ruler was one of the most remarkable of historical figures, and the most discriminating of his biographers trace in him a striking resemblance to our martyr President—the similarity in their deaths being by no means the most wonderful parallel in their career. Plain in person and manners, honest, devoted and sincere, circumstances and his own abilities raised him to the leadership of the Dutch people, and with subtle diplomacy he protected their religious interests against the grasping authority and pretensions of the Catholic Church; with open wisdom he matched and defeated the crafty cunning of Philip of Spain; and with far seeing Generalship he defeated the great Spanish commanders on the fields of war, until his magnificent merits so wrought upon the affections of his subjects that he seemed so thoroughly guarded by their love as to forget the necessity of more material guards. His one life seemed alone to stand between the Dutch and their would be conquerors Phillip and the Pope.

Finally, Phillip offered the reward of $25,000 to the Judas who would take the life of the Savior of Holland pardon for all previous crimes, a Spanish nobles rank, [illegible] secretary price. This [illegible] attempts to be made against the great Prince. The first occurred March 18th, 1582. He had been dining with some friends, and after the meal he took them to his private apartments, where he was exhibiting to them some fine old Spanish tapestry, when a young looking man, small, sallow, and insignificant in appearance, stepped up and handed him a petition, which he stooped to read, when the petitioner fired a pistol close to his head. Providentially it missed fire—or rather it wounded without killing him. The ball passed through his throat and mouth and as he fell into the arms of an attendant, he exclaimed, referring to his would-be murderer, "Do not kill him—I forgive him my death." But ere the words had left his lips the frenzied attendants had rent the soul of the assassin to that land where perfect justice will be meted out for all. For weeks the Prince lay in a critical condition, but eventually recovered, only to go through the same experience again, with, alas! a more fatal result. Between the first and last attempts there was an endeavor to poison him, to blow him up with gun powder, and a second effort to poison him. Truly, he carried his life in his hand! In the end, Balthazar Gerard, a young Catholic who seems to have been a monomaniac on the subject of killing the Silent Ruler, proved himself the instrument destined to accomplish that aim. Practicing until he made himself an accomplished actor, he wormed himself into the service of a Dutch noble, and as they thoroughly believed in his pretended loyalty to their cause, he was greatly trusted by the Dutch, eventually obtaining access to William's presence. Going to the Palace, he saw the Prince coming down the stairway, and stepping into an alcove, shot him as he passed, the Prince, mortally wounded, falling into the arms of an attendant, crying: "My God, have pity on my soul! My God, have pity on this poor people!" To make assurance doubly sure, Gerard had pistoled the ball of the pistol.

It often appears, or, at least, the incidents of William of Orange, Lincoln often seem to prove—that usually the ablest and purest of rulers suffer by the murderous intrigues of their enemies. To the two names already mentioned in this connection, we may add that of Henry of Navarre—Henry IV. of France, who, though a libertine in personal morals, was certainly an able, far seeing General, and a just and conciliatory King. When he came to the throne he was a Protestant, which created much contention in a Nation, the major portion of which were so fiercely Catholic as were the French, but eventually he entered the Church of Rome, endeavoring to do justice to both the Huguenots and the Catholics by the famous Edict of Nantes. Thus he so bore himself as to become the idol of the nation, and then when at the hight of his power and popularity, he was stabbed in a public place by a crazy enthusiast.

Years passed, and the world was startled by another murder of a French ruler, a ruler, though he was not by name a king, the event being the killing of Jean Paul Marat by Charlotte Corday, almost the only assassination in history for which there are great extenuating circumstances. Marat was a coarse, cruel, bitter sensualist, repulsive and unattractive in personal appearance, violently communistic in theory, coldly selfish in facts, using his influence to pull down, never to build up, but whose vituperative opinions in opposition to the wealthy and powerful—though, doubtless, justified in

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

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OUR CHEAP BOOKS.

It was our intention to withdraw all announcements of cheap books in the BLADE, but such seems to be the demand, that we believe a small list of books for Summer reading will be appreciated by the readers. We therefore select those which are rare bargains in price, and endorse them by saying they are the cheapest ever offered to the reading public, and well adapted to the season. We send all books postpaid by mail.

The greatest bargain is in the two works, "Bible Biography" and "Struggles of Nasby," both of which have been described in these columns as very fine, large illustrated volumes, made expressly for the subscription trade. The regular price of these books are $3, but we mail them post-paid for $1.25. We have but a very few copies of the "Struggles of Nasby" unsold.

The following cloth-bound popular $1.75 novels we are mailing post-paid for 50 cts.: "Lady Lecturer," "Ask for Him," "Ask for Him," "Conqueror," "Prairie Queen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Verta Van," and "The Grimter Papers," "Errors," "Home Harmonies," "Lily of San Miniato," "Home Hits and Hints," "Richard Vandemark," "Bitterwood," "Innocents from Abroad," "A Woman in the Case," "Chris Dixon," "Another Man's Wife," "Milly Darrell" and "Lad Astray."

The following cloth-bound books we are mailing post-paid for 25 cts.: "He or I," a story of the East; "That Comic Primer," a humorous primer; "That Bridget of Ours," a novel; "Rice's Poems," a book of poems; "Annals of a Baby," a story; "Ma," a story; "Tim's Wife," a story; "Our Artist in Spain and Cuba," comic illustrations of travel; "That Charming Evening," a book of evening games and pastimes; "Dental Economy," a treatise on the teeth.

The following are bargains, post-paid, by mail: "Tourist's Guide in Great Britain," 75 cents; "Great and Eccentric Characters," $1.50; "Baron Munchausen," 75 cents; "Smith's Bible Dictionary," a large edition, $3.50; "Geological Sketches," 50 cents; "Gulliver's Travels," 50 cents; "War Tiger and White Elephant," 75 cents; "Good Things," an illustrated book for children, $1.25, and "Shakspere," 75 cents.

NASBY PAMPHLETS.

Nasby as a Rancher, by Nasby.
The Democratic John Bunyan, by Nasby.
Sent by mail for 10 cents each.
Diary of an Office Seeker, 15 cents.
Or the three pamphlets, 30 cents.
For any of the above books, address
THE BLADE,
Toledo, O.

FOR THE LADIES.

Wild clematis and cape jas nine patterns are printed on cream colored foulards and sateens.

French ladies have suddenly taken to certain Italian styles in dress which are said to be extremely effective and becoming.

Dark garnet vigogne and cashmere will be very fashionable dress fabrics this Fall, combined with silk plush or velvet a shade darker.

A black satin underskirt and a gold dotted black satin overdress, trimmed with gold wrought Spanish lace, making an elegant and becoming toilet.

New Castilian breakfast caps are made of black Venetian lace, outlined with gold threads, and are fastened to the head by small gilt ball pins set with onyx stones.

Outside dress pockets are no longer seen, the one useful pocket being dexterously concealed among the folds of the tunic or under the drapings of the scarf or panier.

The most money making women are the teachers of dancing, and their is no occupation for a lady which is more remunerative and agreeable than teaching the little folks to dance.

The ladies at Atlantic City are noted for their rapidity in dancing. Their favorite is the hop waltz and they go around the room as if their lives depended upon the time they made.

Costumes of ecru tussore are fashionable for watering places and seaside resorts, and are trimmed with bayadere tussore in ombre stripes or plaids showing soft, bright colors prettily blended.

Stylish young ladies at Long Branch wear tinted satin coaching hats, and carry satin parasols and Watteau fans to match, which they have hand painted in elegant and artistic designs.

Judging by the early importations, the colors and combinations which promise to reign in dress fabrics next fall are, if possible, more striking and original than any heretofore exhibited.

Six ladies who went to a seaside resort near Boston the other day, and engaged a hotel room in which to leave their shawls and other light baggage, were dumbfounded a few hours later to find themselves charged $12 for its use.

"Ball this evening, dear?" inquired Desdemona of Othello, when she saw him loading up his old navy revolver. "No, not this evening, love, s'mother evening," he replied, as he reached for the pillow and wedged it down her esophagus.—*Shakespere.*

The real novelty in parasols is the frame, which is adapted to an adjustable cover, which may match any toilet or contrast favorably with the same. This cover is drawn over a projection at the top of the parasol, and is fastened upon the tips or points of the frame.

It is just now considered in good taste not to mix flowers for corsage wear, but to select a favorite blossom, wearing a huge cluster of the kind chosen. The sulphur-colored hollyhock is just at present enjoying a season of popularity equaling that of the field daisy so lately the rage.

Moliere shoes of black satin, upon which are set large bows fastened with broad, square buckles of Rhenish pebbles, are worn with garden party costumes. The heels are only moderately high, with but little curve to them, but the shoes are fine in shape, as the insteps are cut high and are gracefully arched in true Spanish style.

"And then," goes on Mrs. Philadelphia at the office of the Tabbycat Hotel, Long Branch, "I want the chairs in my room changed. They're awfully uncomfortable. While your about it change the bed, too, it's perfectly awful, and then have the carpenter fix the window cords, and the gas leaks, too; have that attended to at once." "Anything more?" says the clerk. "Yes, pitcher of ice water."

A Detroit saleswoman, on being asked what was the hardest work she had to do, replied: "Standing on my feet and keeping my temper." She says that men are much better customers to wait upon than women for the men always know before they go into the store what they want to buy, whereas the women, God bless 'em, want to see half the store displayed to them before they make up their minds to buy 10 cents' worth of ribbon.

While in Chicago recently a citizen of Jackson, Mich., was paid a trade dollar in business transaction, which afterward, on close examination, he found quite defective in weight. Upon carefully scrutinizing it further he detected a little pin emerging from the edge, and pressing it the face of the coin flew open, revealing on the inside the photo of a lady's countenance. So admirable is the work done that when closed the eye cannot detect the place of contact of the detached circular face with the body of the piece.

Heavy satin striped fabrics alternating with stripes of silk plush, in rich, dark shades of color, will form one of the most expensive and novel dress materials for the Fall and Winter. Other fabrics show broad watered silk stripes, alternating with stripes formed of heavy brocaded designs, showing leaves and flowers outlined with threads of gold or silver. The colors, though bright and striking, are harmoniously and artistically blended. Many of the designs are after effects seen in these new dress materials are carried out in plushes and brocades intended for millinery purposes.

Near the end of the month an important wedding will take place in the high life of the Orient, the marriage of the eldest daughter of King Menelik, of Schoa, to the Crown Prince of Abyssinia. The parents of the royal bride will conduct her in state to the Abyssinian capital, being met on the borders of King John's dominions by the youthful bridegroom and some 1,500 mail-clad warriors, all presenting the flower of the Abyssinian army. King John has invited, from the two countries, about 12,000 persons to witness these august rites, and outside his gates has built of canvas a small City, where they will live as guests for an entire week. Many articles in the bride's trousseau are of European manufacture, she and her future husband are young, their combined ages being a little short of 36 years.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
In Indigestion.

We have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in cases of indigestion, with good results.
DRS. MARSHALL & LONGACRE.
Olney, Ill.

Home sales are guaranteed in every particular, to be the best made. Borden, Selleck & Co., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

For the Blade.

ALACK!

C. A. BISKIRK.

(A rhyme to paint how all men feel,
Sometimes,—would they but tell it.—
When Time displays his cruel steel,
And threatens to propel it.)

Eighteen years old! Alack, alack!
Full twice her years have left their track
Among my locks—which once were black,
But now are mottled!
And—what is worse—there is one spot
Its black and gray alike forgot,
Whose empire widens, heeding not
Elixirs bottled!

Eighteen years old! Her eyes are bright;
Her lips are red, her arms are white;
Her voice the music of delight,
And all things youthful!
Alack! I am no longer slim;
My brow with wrinkled care is grim;
My eyes are getting rather dim,
And very ruthful!

Eighteen years old! How fair and sweet!
How fast it makes my old heart beat,
To watch her glide with graceful feet,
While harps are humming!
O for that fabled fountain now,
To bring youth back to my old brow!
Alack! to fate perforce I bow,
My wife is coming!

PERSONS AND THINGS.

A rod and lyin' catches the biggest fish of the season.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

We are informed that the new comet will soon be visible to the naked eye. Tell your eye to prepare to take off its sclerotic coat.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Hon. T. M. Pomeroy is acting as President of the American Express Company, and it is thought that he will be elected to succeed Mr. Fargo in that office.

There is more gambling, faro, keno and roulette in Saratoga than in any other City in the country, so much so that, unless stopped, the respectable element of society will abandon it as a resort.

The White House has had no general overhauling since it was rebuilt in 1815, after it had been destroyed by fire by the British troops, on the occasion of their raid upon Washington in the war of 1812.

"What are your politics?" the chaplain of the Iowa penitentiary asked of an intelligent looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the bars.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

An Irishman wrote thus to the wife of a sick brother: "If Jamie isn't dead yet, remoind him of the twinty shillins he owes me on the pigs, and if he is, tell him not to give himself any consurrun about it."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Lucy Hooper says that ex-Minister Noyes "has lived for four years amid all the temptations and dissipations of Paris (and the former are sure to assail most fiercely all officials of high station), yet he leaves us without a breath of slander ever having been emitted against him."

People who are fond of sardines will be regaled by the fact that there are in Washington County, Coast of Maine, 22 factories, where small herring are put up in imitation French boxes, bearing French labels, as sardines. They are preserved in cotton seed oil, which is affirmed on the boxes choice olive oil.

Boston *Courier*: An extract from the letter of a recent emigrant: "I'm working on de roads here at Saratogy, but I don't intend to do it long. Mike Mulhooley, who left home three years ago come nixt Aister, has a rich young lady to drive him around the City wid a beautiful span, and he sitting up behind an' his arms folded like a foine gentleman, entirely.

Mummies are ground up, bones, coverings, bitumen, cases and all, for paint. Artists pay high prices for it. The bit of Autumn leaf in yonder picture is a ground-up Browning of many hundreds of years ago, and the reddish-brown pool in the left-hand painting is an Egyptian paragrapher who smiled quaintly and sweetly in the forgotten corner of one of Pharaoh's second editions.

The hero of the hour in New Mexico is Patsy Garrett, who recently killed "Billy the Kid." He is a young man of 27, tall, slender and agile, with brown eyes, golden hair and a soft voice, and as he walks through the streets the very children stop to gaze at him with an admiring stare. Some difficulty having arisen with respect to the official reward which Garrett expected to receive for killing the notorious outlaw, the people of the Territory have set about raising a fund for him. Already the sum of $1,200 has been collected in Las Vegas alone.

An envious correspondent of the New York *World*, writing from Saratoga, thus describes Col. Nicholas Smith: "At the ball at the States the other evening was a ravishing male beauty, whose father-in-law was not unknown to fame. His collar was cut a la surplice, displaying his snowy throat and tied with a large white bow of crepe de chine. His long hair had been crimped, and floated over his shoulders in tenderly disordered curls. His eyebrows were marshaled, his clearly cut face carefully shaved and dextrously powdered. Wearing a handsome black dress-suit, he carried himself before the wondering eyes of the gazers every inch a queen."

Dr. Thomas W. Evans, the celebrated American dentist of the Rue de la Paix, near the Vendome Column, Paris, is a short, thick set gentleman of about 60 years, with iron-gray hair and whiskers. Besides his dentistry works, his name will ever be remembered, in connection with those of Ferdinand de Lesseps and the Consuls of Austria and Italy, for rescuing the Empress Eugenie and her son from the Tuileries Palace on the fall of the French Empire in 1870. He not only saved mother and child from the hands of that incarnation of demonry, a Paris mob, but would not rest contented until he saw them safely landed in England. Dr Evans has received the highest honors from the principal Courts of Europe which it is possible for an American citizen to accept. He is one of the most genial of men.

The late Duke of Alba, brother-in-law of the ex-Empress Eugenie, was one of the most persistent gamblers of the time. He once gambled away the sum of 5,000,000 francs in a single night's play. After squandering the immense fortune which he inherited he received a pension of 60,000 francs a year. He was paid monthly, but by the fifteenth day of every month not a franc was left of his 5,000 francs, and he used to borrow five or six louis d,or of the clubs. At last, however, a turn of fortune came. All his debts were paid, and the Duke of Berwick and Alba purchased one of the most splendid palaces in Madrid, where he lived in princely style, keeping a hundred horses in his stables and open table every evening for 40 guests. During the latter part of his life he only played for very small sums, having a wholesome dread of again risking his fortune and position.

A dressy bathing suit made of French scarlet bunting, and lined with cotton, is exceedingly attractive. The garniture is appliqued, showing many odd fancies in the decorative line. For example, there are models that show off very effectually various kinds of large fishes (in miniature form) wrought in fine embroidery silk. Bathing suits arranged in the rich handkerchief plaid woolens are possessed of much that is really picturesque. Ecru flannel's make up richly for a submerging suit. Crochetted bathing slippers are nicely finished; those made of Turkish toweling are pretty and inexpensive. Some of the French bathing suits are gotten up in a sort of overwhelming cherry and white woven pants, a short blue silk blouse, with plaited waist, cherry silk wide collar and deep cuffs—the outline of the figure is clearly defined.

The *Enquirer*, of Cincinnati, says: Hon. P. T. Barnum strongly indorses St. Jacobs Oil for pain. His combination and artists all use it.

Nevada's Stone for Washington.

The block of granite which Nevada contributes to be placed in the Washington Monument, has received the finishing touches at the hands of the sculptor, John Barrett. The letters in the name of the State are of solid silver, are about as thick as a silver dollar, some six inches in hight and of proportionate width. They are so neatly fitted into the solid granite that the joint is almost invisible. Above the word "Nevada" is deeply cut in the granite the motto of the State, "All for Our Country," and below, the date, 1881. The figures of the date will be plated with gold. The granite composing it is the hardest ever seen. That part which is polished is almost blue in color, while the remainder presents an almost gray appearance.

The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort agree that is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.—*New Covenant.*

THE WIZARD WYMAN,

Some of His Exploits—Outwitting a Mississippi River Gambler—The Goblin Drum.

THE WIZARD'S VIEWS.

Philadelphia Press.

Prof. John Wyman, who died at Burlington on Sunday, was one of the most notable magicians and ventriloquists of the old school in this country. He stood for many years without a peer among the old-time "wizards" the pioneers of an art which has since found many imitators. He was the best known public performer in the South and West 30 years ago, and no one ever attained there a wider personal celebrity. His genial good fellowship added off the stage to the friendships his talents made on it, and Wyman was equally at home with the children in the nursery or among rough men on the frontier, or in the cabin of a Mississippi steamboat—men who live by their wits and were quite unscrupulous as to their methods of getting ahead. By his ingenious humor Prof. Wyman became popular—popularity at that time often depended on a sort of bravery so daring that it seemed almost playful. Not to be too playful, however, he always carried arms; and not to be too ingenious he took care that no one ever got the advantage of him.

Kind-hearted and charitable by nature Wyman never looked upon an imposter without indignation, but, like all successful magicians, he possessed a quick sense of the ludicrous. The Mississippi steamers, when the great river was the American highway between the North and South, were common resorts of commercial travelers, gamblers, planters and speculators. The cabin of a crowded steamer during the long evenings, between St. Louis and New Orleans, was a sort of treasure room for sharpers, in which the rich planter who possessed more money than experience lost all he had, and some times even his life if he became noisy over the loss of the first.

A GAMBLER'S SLIGHT OF HAND.

It was on one of his many journeys down the Mississippi, when the river bore its great tide of human freight before the war, that Prof. Wyman met like Walton, one of the most noted gamblers in those days, and a man who valued very much his reputation for honesty in his trade, but many men were victims to Walton's honesty. On this particular night Walton had reached the bottom of his purse, and was desperately in want of money as well as food. Hunger tempts many men to crime, and Walton found a young planter who possessed a passion for gambling and the means to gratify it. Not daring to trust to cards, which, it is said, never run in favor of hungry men, Walton proposed a game in which "skill counted for nothing." The game then introduced was similar to the celebrated three card-monte trick, only, instead of cards, a small wad of paper was used. Three cups were brought from the kitchen, and the paper ball, no larger than a pea, was placed before them on the table. Walton turned the cups over, and he, shifting them rapidly from place to place, covered and uncovered the paper with confusing rapidity, and finally wagered $50 that the young planter could not tell what cup the ball of paper was under. The wager was quickly taken, and as quickly lost. The trick was played again and again until the victim lost all he had. The success of the gambler was simply a matter of slight of hand. As the small ball of paper was covered for the last time, Walton picked it up by pressing it under a finger nail. The planter raised the cup where it should have been, and the wager was lost; but the gambler, to further the deception, promptly lifted one of the two remaining cups, scraping off the ball of paper as he did so, leaving it on the table as the cup was lifted from it. When the planter had done Walton asked for new comers to bet. Wyman had never gambled in his life, but here was an occasion to him which made the loss of refusing greater than the sin of accepting. Besides, he believed that the young planter had been deceived by deliberate trickery.

THE MAGICIAN'S ART AGAINST A GAMBLER

When he had lost $100 himself he was sure of it. "Here is the paper," said Walton, raising one of the cups with a smile. The gambler had made $300 within the hour, the prospect of needed refreshments opened before him, and he was in good humor. Although cheating in a gambler's sense, he had resorted to it with reluctance.

"There it is again," shifting the cups rapidly before Wyman. "Now you see it plainly enough, and now"—setting two of the cups down with a bang—"you don't." Wyman in the meantime had torn a bit of paper from a newspaper, rolled it up compactly like the other, and, "palming it," quietly slipped it under a cup as he raised it from the table. The most surprised person in the room was Walton himself. He regarded the wizard with a look in which wonder and alarm were mingled. He could not help admiring the other's trick, but to expose it was to expose his own. The stake was again made and again lost, as it had been before.

"I never played this before," said Professor Wyman, "and it's a good game if you don't become too fond of it. I don't suppose I've played a game for amusement for years. I think a little recreation like this is a good thing once in a while in that way. I have the advantage of you, who can not make a recreation of what you do as a regular business. I suppose you play this every day," he continued simply, as he again drew the stakes from the gambler.

Walton wiped his forehead, and did not feel that he was by any means too accustomed to the sort of amusement he was then undergoing, and signified that his capacity for enjoyment of that kind had not been impaired by use.

The next turn in affairs showed the Professor's consummate skill both in observation and practice. The gambler, in moving the cups, left for the first time the ball of paper which he had hitherto had all to himself under one of them. But Wyman's perception had not been blunted by a success; it was impossible to deceive him by simple slight of hand, and he promptly raised the right cup, keeping the sixth ball of paper that he had preserved in reserve. Walton, who had contemplated an exposure of his adversary, was now awed into an admiration of his skill. The Professor soon withdrew from the game altogether.

HOW A NOVICE CAME TO EXPOSE THE TRICK.

Later in the evening the gambler took a novice into his care to retrieve the fortune that Wyman had won. It was the old trick performed with Walton's pointed finger-nail. Wyman whispered to the victim to raise one cup first and tip over the other two, and he could see what would follow. The manuver was successfully accomplished, and the indignant "lamb" proclaimed to the hundreds of spectators that he had been deceived by trickery. Walton, with contemptuous ruin staring him in the face, drew the victim aside and said that he might have all the money on the table if he would withdraw the charge; if he did not, on the other hand, he would be killed before morning. The lamb looked in Walton's desperate gray eyes and determined to take the money and his life. When the days of Mississippi steamboating were over and gambling was made a penal offense, Walton came to Philadelphia and lived alone a number of years in a small apartment on Ridge avenue. His only child, a boy, received a college education and the best training that a father could bestow. Walton died in the Spring of 1879, and four or five faithful friends followed the hearse through the rain to Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Wyman's exploits on the Mississippi steamers would fill a thick volume, the chapters of which he often promised to write. His annual tours through the South and West included every town of more than 2,000 inhabitants and a good many of less. Before the advent of railroads in some of the Southern States he traveled on horse back, his agent following with two pack mules bearing his apparatus and paraphernalia. T. Y. Yost, one of his closest friends and an old dealer in the "wizard's" stock in trade on North Ninth street, remembers exhibitions that were given in hay lofts, the spectators climbing a ladder on the inside of the building, and paying $1 for the privilege, and, said he, "we turned 'em away then." Prof. Wyman was the inventor of many tricks that are now the stock in trade of those on whom his mantle fell. The magic drum created a sensation in its day. It was suspended from the ceiling over the heads of the audience, and responded in invisible taps to questions from the spectators. The secret lay in the construction of the instrument. There was an electrical enunciator on the inside, and the drum was suspended carelessly by an insulated wire. The other end of the appliance was an ordinary telegraph operator's instrument on the stage. The spectators asked questions, Wyman tapped the instrument with his foot and the drum resounded in loud taps. The whole arrangement was an invention of his. Prof. Wyman used to say that Herman lacked ingenuity and variety and that Heller's great charm lay in his conversation. The latter was, however, clumsy with his hands, strange as it may seem.

WYMAN'S OPINION OF CAZENEUVE.

Wyman once said enthusiastically: "Cazeneuve is a marvel at slight-of hand. He has no rival as far as the handling of cards is concerned. I have seen him pick up a bundle of cards from the table, glance at it, and tell how many there were in it. I believed there was some trick in it till I had tested him again and again, and he never failed in even so much as a single one, until I tried him with American cards. They are not uniform in thickness and once or twice he was wrong; for instance: 'There are 48 there,' when on counting them there fould to be 46 or 48. I never saw any trick that could equal the wonderful perception of the man."

"You will never find a magician," said he, "who does. More than that, you will never find a good man who pretends to be a medium. There are many, well meaning, intelligent people who believe in Spiritualism, but only imposters practice it. I have taken non believers in Spiritualism and in a single sitting convinced them that I was under the guidance of spirits, and all I did was to repeat to them, in a so-called trance, what they had themselves told me an hour before of their own history and past friendships."

The magician's proverb, "Simple things are the most puzzling," is illustrated in much of Wyman's legerdemain. A friend who was acquainted, with his skill, but not with his methods, was examining his apparatus a few years ago, and asked to be shown the paraphernalia of one of Prof. Wyman's most notable feats. "There is none," replied the magician.

"Why, you have played it for years; you must have something left."

"Yes; piles of brick and mortar!" Prof. Wyman alluded to five houses that he had recently purchased at Burlington. It was in this quiet village on the Delaware that the celebrated magician spent the last years of his life. His last exhibition was given at the Assembly buildings, in Philadelphia, in 1877. He lived in pleasant retirement at Burlington, and his peaceful days there, brightened by many lifelong friendships, were the last in a long and in many respects a remarkable career.

Alderman Jerome Visits English Relatives.

Youth's Companion.

Mr. Lawrence Jerome, of New York, has a niece who is the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill. Not long since Uncle Larry being in London called at his niece's house, and thereby astonishes the stately footman who answered his ring:

"Is Mr. Churchill at home?"

(The footman shivers.)

"Me Lud is in Ireland."

"Humph! What's he doing in Ireland?"

(The footman is silent with horror.)

"Is Mrs. Churchill in?"

(The footman shivers with indignation.)

"Me Lady, sir, is not down stairs yet."

"Not up? Humph! A pretty time of day to be in bed! Well, you just tell Mrs. Churchill——"

(The footman pales and is about to summon assistance to eject the audacious intruder, when—a silvery laugh and a voice float down from over the banisters. "I hear you, Uncle Larry! Come right in!")

The footman bowing low, "Oh, sir, me Lud! pardon me. If you please, me Lud, this way."

The Gun Lafayette Kissed.

Troy Times.

At the Watervliet Arsenal is a 12-pounder brass cannon with a history. It was captured at the siege of Yorktown by Lafayette, who nearly lost his life in the effort,—so nearly, indeed, that a solid shot whizzed between the Marquis and the piece, striking the cannon itself, whilst the prize was being dragged to our lines. The indentation made by the shot still remains, and in 1824 served to identify the gun when Lafayette visited Troy and the arsenal. Mr. Johnson, who is employed at the arsenal, states that he helped to row Lafayette across the river here 57 years ago, and was present when the venerable Frenchman hugged and kissed the gun,—a reminder to him of his field services in the War of the Revolution. It would be eminently fitting that the trophy should be sent to Yorktown to bear its part in the coming celebration there. When the news of Lafayette's death was received at Watervliet Arsenal in 1854 the old gun was fired half hourly from sunrise to sunset.

Lost His Life Through Avarice.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A curious illustration of the old proverb that "murder will out" is to be found in the case of the culprit Patterson, who is to be executed in Henry County to-day. In 1868 he murdered an old man for his money. He was arrested, but broke jail and fled to Illinois, where he remained under an assumed name until last August, when, hearing of his father's death, he wrote to his old home claiming the property left by the deceased, and, of course, revealing his proper name. The next thing he knew he was in the hands of the Sheriff on a requisition from Gov. Phelps, and today he is in the hands of the hangman on the sentence of the Circuit Court of Henry County. If he hadn't been so anxious to receive a very small property left by his father he might have been living in Illinois to day as John C. Williams.

Break It Gently to My Wife.

Springfield Republican.

One of the passengers on the ill-fated Mellis," at the time of the disaster, was an exceedingly nervous man, who, while floating in the water, imagined how his friends would acquaint his wife of his fate. Saved at last, he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message: "Dear P——, I am saved. Break it gently to my wife."

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the Fall of 1876 I was taken with Bleeding of the Lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. William Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

"I write this hoping every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take Dr. William Hall's Balsam, and be convinced that Consumption can be Cured. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

NEW MONEY-ORDER PLAN.

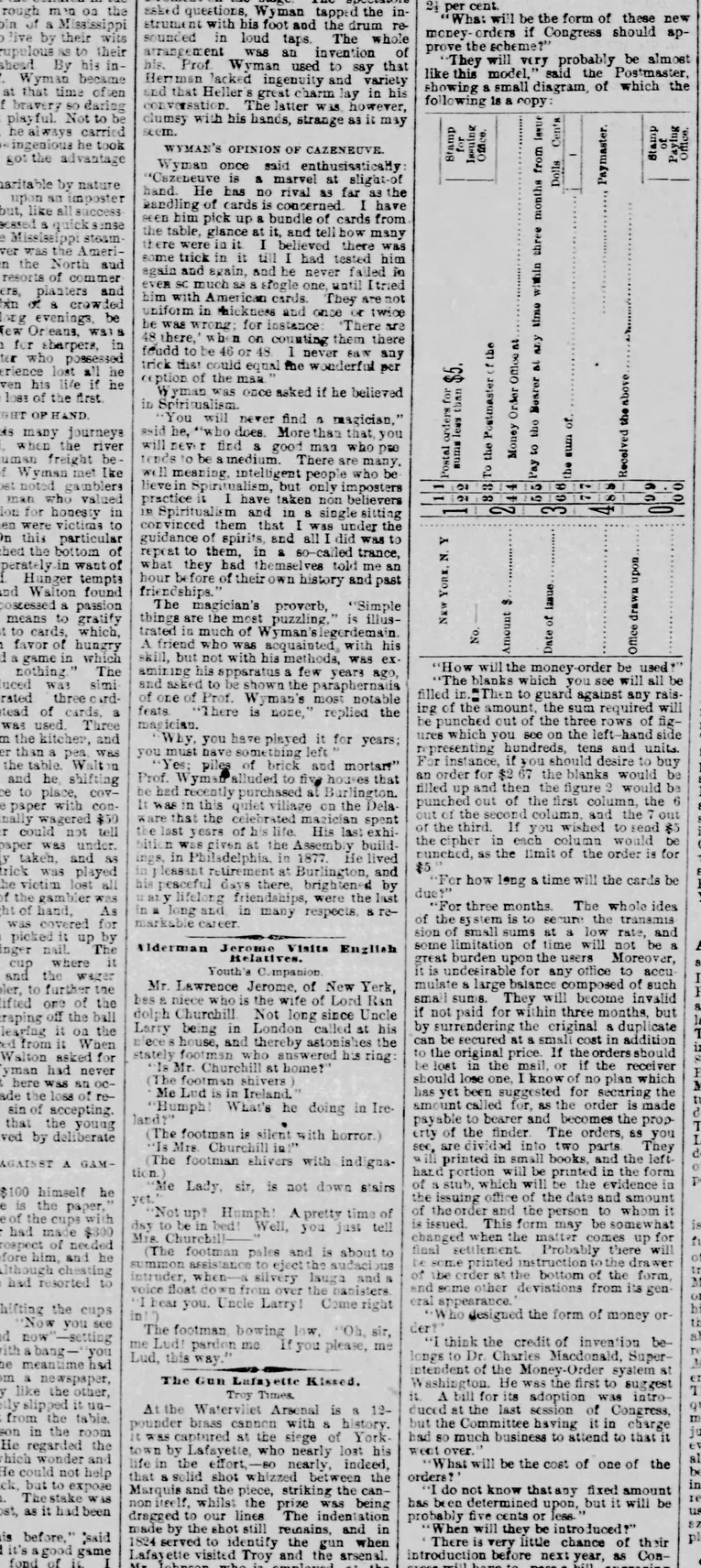
A System by Which Postal Drafts Can be Sent at an Almost Nominal Price.

New York World.

The plan recommended by C. F. Macdonald, Superintendent of the Money-Order System of the Postoffice, in his last report, for sending small amounts of money by postal orders is rapidly taking shape; and if Congress will approve of the plan next December it will take a short time only to have the system in working order. Postmaster Pierson said yesterday that there was always a great demand for money orders for sums less than $5, which is the smallest amount now issued by the Postoffice. Country people saw advertisements for small articles in large cities and often the only way of sending for them was to enclose silver coin in an envelope, the postage on which would often cost as much as the price of a money-order for a large amount. Great Britain has a system of postal notes for certain amounts, which are redeemable at any office at a discount of 2½ per cent.

"What will be the form of these new money-orders if Congress should approve the scheme?"

"They will very probably be almost like this model," said the Postmaster, showing a small diagram, of which the following is a copy:



"How will the money-order be used?"

"The blanks which you see will all be filled in. Then to guard against any raising of the amount, the sum required will be punched out of the three rows of figures which you see on the left-hand side representing hundreds, tens and units. For instance, if you should desire to buy an order for $2 67 the blanks would be filled up and then the figure 2 would be punched out of the first column, the 6 out of the second column, and the 7 out of the third. If you wished to send $5 the cipher in each column would be punched, as the limit of the order is for $5."

"For how long a time will the cards be due?"

"For three months. The whole idea of the system is to secure the transmission of small sums at a low rate, and some limitation of time will not be a great burden upon the users. Moreover, it is undesirable for any office to accumulate a large balance composed of such small sums. They will become invalid if not paid for within three months, but by surrendering the original a duplicate can be secured at a small cost in addition to the original price. If the orders should be lost in the mail, or if the receiver should lose one, I know of no plan which has yet been suggested for securing the amount called for, as the order is made payable to bearer and becomes the property of the finder. The orders, as you see, are divided into two parts. They will be printed in small books, and the left-hand portion will be printed in the form of a stub, which will be the evidence in the issuing office of the date and amount of the order and the person to whom it is issued. This form may be somewhat changed when the matter comes up for final settlement. Probably there will be some printed instruction to the drawer of the order at the bottom of the form, and some other deviations from its general appearance."

"Who designed the form of money order?"

"I think the credit of invention belongs to Dr. Charles Macdonald, Superintendent of the Money-Order system at Washington. He was the first to suggest it. A bill for its adoption was introduced at the last session of Congress, but the Committee having it in charge had so much business to attend to that it went over."

"What will be the cost of one of the orders?"

"I do not know that any fixed amount has been determined upon, but it will be probably five cents or less."

"When will they be introduced?"

"There is very little chance of their introduction before next year, as Congress will have to pass a bill approving the plan and making the necessary appropriation for their manufacture. Then they will have to be distributed throughout the country, and, as Congress does not meet till December, it is very certain that they will not come into general use for nearly a year."

The Long Branch "Baby."

The latest and sweetest thing in girls is the "baby" as seen at Long Branch. She wears her hair in short blonde curls, and dresses in white thin material, with her belt as nearly under her armpits as possible. The large sash is tied behind, and many fluffy ruffles apparently raise her shoulders nearer her ears. Whether this style is more attractive than the old very young lady, which is an older type, is a matter of taste. She has a complexion of infantile fairness, and large, melting blue eyes. Her diamonds rival the dowager's, and by her languid blase manner, one would judge her to be the product of the centuries.

He is an Ohio Man.

Cincinnati Commercial.

The meanest man in America has been found in Ohio, we regret to say. He is one Morrison, of Brownsville, near Newark, who, when he heard of the shooting of Garfield, said he hoped he would die, and was slapped in the mouth. It is an outrage that the man who slapped the dirty dog has been fined for an assault. There should be a subscription—no one allowed to give more than one cent—to pay this fine of $10 and costs. It would be a privilege to pay a cent into such a fund.

"Thank God for Compound Oxygen!"

This is the grateful utterance of the wife of a clergyman. Her letter, dated New City, Rockland County, New York, June 14, 1880, thus states the condition of her husband when he began the Oxygen Treatment: "Rev. A. J. Conklin, pastor New City and Centennial Churches, Newark Conference, *was run down with overwork; voice injured, memory impaired, eyes very badly impaired, so that he could scarcely follow up general reading, much less study; throat affected, and the whole system in a bad state.* He would have had to stop preaching had he not found help. I asked him this morning what I should say in reporting progress to you for him. 'Oh,' he says, *'tell them I am well. Never felt better in my life!'* This on the minister's 'Blue Monday,' *after preaching three times on a very hot day, administering the sacrament and baptismal service, and walking three miles afterward!* And now he is at work in his garden. *Thank God for Compound Oxygen!*" Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which gives full information about this remarkable remedy for Chronic Diseases, is *sent free.* Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1,109 and 1,111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

The table of contents for September of this admirable magazine is as follows:

Dr. Breen's Practice, W. D. Howells; Koshchei the Deathless, or the Diffusion of Fairy Tales, John Fiske; Harvest Noon, Edith M. Thomas; In Exile, part 2, Mary Hallock Foote; Housekeeping Hereafter, J. V. Sears; The Portrait of a Lady, Henry James, jr.; Post Prandial, Phi Beta Kappa, 1881, Oliver Wendell Holmes; The Katrina Saga, part 1, H. H.; The Future of Harvard Divinity School, Wm. Chauncy Langdon; The Dramas of the Elder Dumas, J. Brander Matthews; The Attempt on the President's Life, E. L. Godkin; Mr. Howells' New Book; The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government; Some Recent Biographies; The English Colonies in America; Transcendental Physics; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The *North American Review* for September opens with a profoundly philosophical article on "The Church, the State, and the School," by Prof. William T. Harris. M. J. Savage treats of "Natural Ethics," showing that the principles of morality are rooted in man's nature, and are the products of evolution; consequently that they are not affected by the vicissitudes of dogma or religious creeds. The Hon. John A. Kasson gives a history of the "Monroe Declaration," and proves that the credit of formulating that cardinal doctrine of American statesmanship is due to John Quincy Adams. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes of the Taxation of Church Property. He would have all churches taxed *in form*, but would exempt *in practice* those which by their charitable work help to lighten the public burdens. The other articles in this number of the *Review* are "Jewish Ostracism in America," by Nina Morais; "The Decay of New England Thought," by the Rev. Julius H. Ward; "Ghost Seeing," by Prof. F. H. Hedge; and Fictitious History," by Rossiter Johnson. The latter article is a scathing criticism of Jefferson Davis's recently published historical memoir. Fifty cents per copy. Five dollars per year. Address, "The *North American Review*, New York, N. Y."

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW

The *International Review* for September has eight articles of interest and value, some of which at least ought not to escape the careful attention of all students of American affairs, while all are important in the sphere of discussion to which they pertain. Mr. Alexander Bliss writes upon "Naturalization." Mr. Wm. J. Armstrong contributes a very readable sketch of "Spain of To day," which gives a good idea of the political progress of that land since Queen Isabella abdicated the throne in 1868. Mr. John Codman writes of "Mormonism." "The difficulties of Prison Reform" are treated by Mr. A. S. Meyrick. Mr. Henry C. Adams discusses the "Payment of Public Debts." "The Endowment of Colleges," by Rev. Charles F. Thwing, gives some very interesting facts relative to the value of college property and productive funds income, scholarship endowments, etc. "Baron Bettino Ricasoli," the Italian statesman, and one of Victor Emanuel's stanchest supporters, is made the subject of a critical and biographical sketch by Mr. Wm. Chauncy Langdon. The number closes with the first instalment of a series of studies of "Victor Hugo," by Augustine. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, at $5.00 per year.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of The Living Age dated August 6 and August 13, contain articles on Home and Foreign Affairs, Denmark, and the Home and Foreign Policy of Italy, Portnightly; Notes from a German Village, Contemporary; The late Andrew Wilson, and Besieged in the Transvaal, Blackwood; Holiday Customs in Italy, and Samuel Pepys, Cornhill; Stray Leaves of History, and A Siberian Exile Eighty Years Ago, Temple Bar; M. Dufaure, Pall Mall Gazette; The Return of the Jews to Spain, Le Journal des Debats; with instalments of "In Trust, a Story of a Lady and Her Lover," "The Frere's," by Mrs. Alexander, and "Cousin Felix," by the author of "Molly," and the usual amount of poetry.

VICK'S MONTHLY.

Vick's *Monthly Magazine* for August is resplendent in a new cover, and is further embellished by a handsome group of pansies for a frontispiece, and a portrait of the editor, the eminent florist, Mr. James Vick. The face is a kindly one, and there is merry twinkle about his eye as one would think might grace the countenance of him who could write about his own portrait thus: "Many readers sent for our portrait to bind the *Magazine* of last year, and new subscribers are occasionally writing for them. This demand is not, of course, in consequence of its great beauty, though it might have been, had the artists done justice to the original. As it is, however, we thought it well to present it to all subscribers in our midsummer number. Those who do not wish it to bind in the *Magazine* can give it to the children to play with. The children all like us." Mr. Vick makes an excellent magazine for those who love and care for plants, shrubs, ferns, etc.

One of Tweed's Small Stealings.

From the New York Tribune.

When Boss Tweed ruled and plundered the City the rich franchise of the Union Ferry Company was leased for $1 a year. Things have changed since then. During the past three months the Municipal Treasury realized $36,873.87 from the same franchise, the company paying to it one eighth of its gross receipts.

NATIONAL NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio.

INDORSED BY SOUTHERN STUDENTS.

We, Southern students of the National Normal, accept with pleasure this opportunity to indorse heartily the principles and methods of instruction originated and practiced by the Principal and Faculty of this Institution.

We believe it to be the cheapest (entire expense, $3.00 per week) and most practical school in the United States.

We are fully satisfied that it has more and better facilities for training its students, mentally, morally and physically, than any other institution in the country.

We believe that both teachers and pupils do more cheerful, earnest and enthusiastic work here than is done in any other institution whatever.

We have heard here what we have never heard any where else, viz: teachers urging students to sleep more and study less.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to the Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the interest believed.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is impossible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

5. Questions whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We much regret that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for the department should never be written on the same leaf as orders, remittances or orders for books. Letters in violation of this rule must lie over for the department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

J. A. W., Switzer, O.: Address H. E. Hartley, Toledo, O.

J. S. W., Arcanum, O.: Address T. W. Tallmadge, Washington, D. C.

J. W. F., McDonald, Pa.: Address C. W. Johnson, New York City, or "Our Dumb Animals," Boston, Mass.

W. C., Adrian, Ill.:

1. Please give date of the first issue of the two-cent nickel and oblige an old subscriber.

Ans. Authorizing the coinage of five-cent nickels was passed May 16, 1866. They were not in general circulation until 1867.

Silver, Clayton, Ind.:

Please tell me what those F. F. V. and F. F. G. stand for, and what crime are they attached to persons? 2. What relation was Daniel to Noah Webster?

1. F. F. V. is used decisively for first families of Virginia; we do not know what F. F. G. is used for, unless it is for Georgia, instead of Virginia. 2. No relation.

A. F., Country Springs, Ind.:

1. Please to be kind as to inform me what (nearly the city of Elgin, Ill., is in. 2. Also the length and breadth of Lake Michigan.

1. Time County. 2. Length, 330 miles; mean breadth, 70 miles; mean depth, 1,000 feet; elevation above the sea level, 578 feet; area, 22,000 square miles.

Boy, Blue Branch, Tex.:

How do fumble-bees live through the Winter?

Late in the Autumn all of the male and neuter bumble-bees die. A few of the females survive in a torpid state, and without food until spring, when they become the founder of a new colony.

W. H., Wood's Valley, Tenn.:

1. Is the obstruction to get $179 in United States bonds or notes destroyed by fire. If so, can any law be enacted to relieve the same, or would the Government come in place of the notes? 2. To whom should I apply to for information?

Ans. 1. What are their numbers in the United States? 3. How many colleges have they? 4 How many papers do they publish? 5. Are there any books published that give a history of the Disciples? If so, where could it be obtained?

1. They regard all the sects and parties of the Christian world as having, in greater or less degree, departed from the simplicity of faith and manners of the first Christians. They make a marked distinction between faith and opinion; between the testimony of God and the reasonings of men. Faith in the testimony of God and obedience to the commands of Jesus are their bond of union. They look for unity of spirit and the bonds of peace in the practical acknowledgment of "one faith, one Lord, one immersion, one hope, one body, one Spirit, one God and Father of all," not in unity of opinions, nor in unity of forms, ceremonies or modes of worship. The Holy Scriptures of both Testaments they regard as containing revelations from God. The New Testament they understand as containing the Christian religion, and say that every one who believes in Christ and is willing to obey Him in everything, is a proper subject of immersion. 2. They are reported to have about 3,678 church organizations, 3,000 church edifices, with 900,000 church sittings; they probably have 600,000 members. 3. Fifteen or twenty altogether. 4. Quite a number—probably 20. 5. Yes; address Northwestern University, Indianapolis, Ind.

Taxpayer, Clermontville, O.:

Will you please publish a statement showing the amount of bonds and the number of acres of land voted to railroads by Congress?

The following table shows the amount of Government bonds issued under grants to subsidized railroads:

Railroads.		Amount.
Union Pacific	Consisting of Union Pacific	$27,236,512
	Kansas Pacific	6,303,000
Central Pacific	Consisting of Central Pacific	25,885,120
	Western Pacific	1,970,560
Sioux City and Pacific		1,628,320
Central Branch Union Pacific		1,600,000
Total bonds		$64,623,512

The number of acres of land certified to railroads up to June 30, 1880, is as follows:

Railroads.	Acres.
Union Pacific	1,000,471.50
Kansas Pacific	6,88 830.14
Denver Pacific	49,811.50
St. Joe & Denver Pacific	401,513.24
Central Pacific	708,862.17
Western Pacific	444,177.58
California and Oregon	1,338 039.27
Southern Pacific	1,048,060.65
Sioux City & Pacific	41,324.70
Central Branch Union Pacific	187,607.99
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba	1,161,251.51
Atlantic & Pacific and Missouri	501,533.60
Northern Pacific and branches (339 miles, 12,000 acres, since above)	1,920,854.25
Oregon & California	224,148.56
Hannibal & St. Joe	603,506.51
Iowa and Missouri River (in Nebraska)	2,324,650.57
Iowa and Missouri River (in Iowa)	288,817.55
Atlantic & Pacific	207,681.05
Cairo & Fulton	1,178,702.58
Memphis & L. R.	141,544.20
St. L. & K. & Ft. Smith	206,7 6.34
M., K. & T.	397,542.78
A., T. & Santa Fe	1,474,320.47
Leavenworth, L. & Galveston	69,134.94
Mississippi & Missouri River	645,307.17

S. Q. H., Council Bluffs, Ia:

Will you please give particulars of the duel between Gen. Jackson and Dickinson?

Charles Dickinson had used insulting words of Mrs Jackson, and the General said to one of Dickinson's friends that he wished no quarrel with him, but he must quit in time. Dickinson, it seems, repeated the disparaging remarks, and in January, 1806, just before starting for New Orleans on a flat-boat, wrote to Jackson, charging him with equivocation, falsehood and cowardice. After Dickinson's return to Nashville, he published a severe attack on Jackson, which provoked a challenge. Dickinson was said to be the best shot in Tennessee. The parties met on the banks of the Red River in Logan County, Ky., on the morning of May 30. We find the following graphic account of the duel in a recent number of the Washington *Republican*: Dickinson's second won the choice of position and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The eight paces were measured off and the men were placed. Both were perfectly collected. Strict dueling etiquet was preserved. Jackson wore a loose frock coat, buttoned closely over his chest, and concealing to some degree the extreme slenderness of the figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer of the two. "Are you ready?" Overton inquired. "I am ready." Dickinson replied, and Jackson reiterated the words. Quick as thought Overton shouted, "Fire!" Dickinson as quickly raised his pistol and fired. Overton saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of the General's coat. Jackson raised his left arm and placed it tightly across his chest. "He is surely hit," muttered his second, "and in a bad place, too; but no, he does not fall." Jackson, erect and grim, with teeth set firm, raised his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful face and figure before him, the lawyer had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two. "Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him!" "Back to the mark, sir," roared Overton, with his hand upon his pistol. Dickinson recovered his composure and toed the scratch. He averted his eyes from his antagonist. Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. It stopped at half cock. Jackson drew the lock back to its place, took aim a second time, and fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends caught him in their arms and gently seated him on the ground against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped off his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. The ball had passed through the body below the ribs and lodged just under the skin above the opposite hip. He bled to death in a short time. The surgeon noticed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. "My God, General, you are hit!" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood. "Yes, I believe he has pinked me a little," Jackson replied. "Let's look at it, but say nothing about it." He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he had supposed Jackson's heart was beating. The thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat deceived him. It was a bad looking wound. Two ribs were broken and the breast bone was raked. Jackson mounted his horse and rode to the tavern. It was a month before he could leave his house, and he never recovered from the wound. Jackson gave as a reason for concealing his wound that, as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world and was certain of killing him at the first fire, he did not want him to have the gratification of knowing that he had touched him. "I should have killed him," said he, "if he had shot me through the brain."

R. H. T., Jennerstown, Pa:

You some time ago published the names and description of the seven wonders of the world. If not asking too much, will you please republish the article, as there is considerable interest here to see it?

The seven wonders of the world are: The Pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Pharos of Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens at Babylon, the Statue of the Olympian Jove, and the Mausoleum by Artemisia at Halicarnassus. The Pyramids are numerous, and space forbids anything like even a list of them. The great piles were constructed of blocks of red or syenitic granite, and of a hard calcareous stone. These blocks were of extraordinary dimensions, and their transportation to the sites of the pyramids and their adjustment in their places, indicate a surprising degree of mechanical skill. The Great Pyramid covers an area of between 12 and 13 acres. The masonry consisted originally of 89,028,000 cubic feet, and still amounts to about 82,111,000 feet. The present vertical hight is 450 feet, against 479 feet originally, and the present length of the sides is 746 feet, against 764 feet originally. The total weight of the stone is estimated at 6,316,000,000 tons. The City of Rhodes was besieged by Demetrius Poliorcetes, King of Macedon, but, aided by Ptolomy Soter, King of Egypt, the enemy were repulsed. To express their gratitude to their allies and to their tutelary deity, they erected a brazen statue to Apollo. It was 105 feet high, and hollow, with a winding staircase that ascended to the head. After standing 56 years it was overthrown by an earthquake, 224 years before Christ, and lay nine centuries on the ground, and then was sold to a Jew by the Saracens, who had captured Rhodes, about the middle of the seventh century. It is said to have required 900 camels to remove the metal, and from this statement it has been calculated its weight was 720,000 pounds. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus was built at the common charge of all the Asiatic States. The chief architect was Chersiphon, and Pliny says that 220 years were employed in completing the temple, whose riches were immense. It was 425 feet long, 225 feet broad, and was supported by 127 columns of Parian marble (60 feet high, each weighing 150 tons), furnished by as many kings. It was set on fire on the night of Alexander's birth by an obscure person named Erostratus, who confessed on the rack that the sole motive which prompted him was the desire to transmit his name to future ages. The temple was again built, and once more burned by the Goths in their naval invasion A. D. 256. The colossal statue of Jupiter in the temple of Olympia, at Ellis, was by Phidias. It was in gold and ivory, and sat enthroned in the temple for 800 years, and was finally destroyed by fire about A. D. 375. From the best information it is believed that the Mausoleum at Helicarnassus was a retangular building surrounded by an Ionic portico of 36 columns, and surmounted by a pyramid, rising in 24 steps, upon the summit of which was a colossal marble quadriga, with a statue of Mausolus. This magnificent structure was erected by Artemisia, who was the sister, wife, and successor of Mausolus.

This is in reply to a question asked a week or so ago: Salmon P. Chase was born in Cornish, N. H., January 13, 1808. His father removed to Keene in 1815, where he died two years later. When 12 years of age young Chase was sent to his uncle Philander Chase, at Worthington, O., who took charge of his education and sent him to the Cincinnati college. After about a year's residence there he returned to his mother's home in New Hampshire, and in 1824 entered the junior class of Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1826. In 1829 he was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, for which he had qualified himself while discharging the duties of a teacher. In 1830 he returned to Cincinnati. While struggling through the early embarrassments of professional life he prepared an edition of the statutes of Ohio and a preliminary sketch of the history of the State. This edition soon superseded all previous publications of the statutes. Aided by the reputation thus acquired he soon gained a valuable practice. In 1837 he gained considerable renown in an argument before the Supreme Court of Ohio in defense of James G. Birney, prosecuted under a State law for harboring a slave. He asserted the doctrine that slavery was local and dependent on State law for existence. In 1846 he appeared before the United States Supreme Court, where he argued more elaborately the principles he had advanced in the former case. Prior to 1841 Mr. Chase had taken little part in politics. He had voted sometimes with the Democrats, but more commonly with the Whigs, who in the North seemed to him more favorable to anti slavery views than their opponents. In 1841 he united in a call for a convention of the opponents of slavery and slavery extension, which assembled at Columbus in December. This Convention organized the Liberty party of Ohio, nominated a candidate for Governor and issued an address, written by Mr. Chase. In 1843 a National Liberty Convention assembled at Buffalo, in which he took a prominent part. In 1848 he was instrumental in calling a Free Territory State Convention, which met at Buffalo, and nominated Martin VanBuren for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice President. In 1849 he was chosen United States Senator, receiving the entire vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature and a number of Free Soil votes. The Democratic party of Ohio had declared slavery an evil. In 1852, when Pierce was nominated on a platform approving the compromise acts of 1850, Chase advocated the formation of an independent party. While in the Senate he several times endeavored to secure the passage of an act forbidding the extension of slavery. In 1855 he was nominated by the opponents of the Nebraska bill and the Pierce administration for Governor of Ohio, and was elected. In 1857 he was re-elected by the largest vote that had ever been given for a Governor in Ohio. In the Republican National Convention of 1860 he received 49 votes for President. In 1861 he became Secretary of the Treasury, which position he retained until 1864, when he resigned. In December, 1864, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, and presided in the impeachment trial of Pres. Johnson. He had become dissatisfied with the policy of the Republican majority in Congress, and in the Democratic Convention of 1868 his name was presented as a candidate for the Presidency; but he only received four votes, owing, it is said, to his unwillingness to accept the nomination unless certain conditions were complied with. From that time he withdrew to a great extent from public affairs, his health having been much impaired by a paralytic stroke; but in the Presidential canvass of 1872 he opposed the election of Grant. He died in New York May 7, 1873.

Information Wanted.

D. E. Boone, Ferris, Kan., wants the address of William Galliant.

Robert Fryer, Wanatah, Ind., wants the address of Capt. Gamble, Co. F, 73d Ind. Vol.

C. E. Conrad, Farmington, Mo., wants the address of H. F. Conrad, of Co. F, 3d Cav., U. S. A.

James Stewart, Sejah, Yakima Co., Wash. Ter., would like to know the address of Dr. Wm. Sparks.

Theodore Borberg, New Melle, Mo., wishes to communicate by letter with F. A., of South Saginaw, Mich.

John W. Chapman, Colorado Springs, Col., wishes to learn the address of any of the officers of Co. F, 83d Mo. Inf.

M. Bursell, Dunlap, Ill., would like to correspond with some one in the vicinity of Tampa, Fla., in regard to the country.

Robert Stewart, Aurora, Hamilton Co., Neb., would like the address of Capt. Henry J. Fritz, Orderly Sergeant Charles Pogle and Lieut. James Colwell, all of Co. F, 83d Penn. Vol.

Mrs T. J. Crawford, Woodstock, Champaign Co., O., wishes the address of Dr. Lewis, Surgeon General of the U. S. Hospital at Carysville, Md., or the address of Dr. Townsend, of the same place, during the year of 1864.

Information Furnished.

The address of Col. H. F. McConnell is Barclay, Kan.

H. C. H., Concordia, Kan.: Very few newspapers pay for stories. Some literary publications pay prices varying from $1 to $10 per column.

Delayed Subscriptions.

Is sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $2, dated at Clinton, Mich., signed Albert Chase; no order as to what is wanted.

Will Philo Hayes, of Miles City, give his full postoffice address, and the matter in reference to check No 785 will be looked up.

Letter containing 80 cents, signed by W. M. Barrow, P. M., to pay for BLADE for Reding Sutherland, no postoffice, County or State.

Will E. Hayes, P. M., give his full postoffice address and the non receipt of the papers by E. F. Slankard and J. Cowan will be looked into.

The Sunday School.

The Commandments.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.—Matt. 22: 39, 40.

LESSON TEXT.

Exod. 20: 12-21.

12. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

13. Thou shalt not kill.

14. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15. Thou shalt not steal.

16. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

17. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neigbbor's.

18. And all the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking, and when the people saw it they removed and stood afar off.

19. And they said unto Moses, speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die.

20. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not; for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not.

21. And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick dark ness where God was.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Honor thy father and thy mother (v. 12.)—There are fathers and mothers whom their children cannot help honoring. If this commandment applied to them only, there would be very little meaning in it. But it is when there is a temptation not to honor those who are our parents, that this commandment comes into fullest play. Little Jamie Garfield can honor his father and mother and not half try. Everybody will admit that. But there is little Jack Jones, with the poor drunken father; and there is little Kate Thompson, with the shameless thieving mother, it is not so easy for them to keep this commandment; but to do so is none the less a real duty for being a hard one. A great many duties in life are hard, most of them are. The bitterest curse that was ever spoken against an unfaithful son was spoken because that son failed to show honor to a drunken father. No matter what the father or mother may be, it is a child's duty to honor that parent as a parent. God commands this. God will recognize the doing of it anywhere. The duty is the same toward rulers as toward parents. They are to be honored as God's representatives. A great deal of wicked prejudice has been awarded to that prayer of the old divine, that God would "keep our rulers from acting so that we cannot help despising them." The truth is, we have no right not to honor our rulers however they act. When our parents or our rulers lie uncovered in their shame, let us walk backward toward them, and cover their nakedness with the mantle of reverent charity. God will never say we are lacking in independence or spirit because we do that.

Thou shalt not kill (v. 13.) It is the taking of a fellow creature's life, because of his being obnoxious to us personally, or because of the gain to us in his being out of the way or because of our lack or proper regard for his welfare, that is forbidden here. It is not the killing of mosquitos or of lambs and calves that are forbidden; nor is the needful taking of human life by the God ordained government. There is killing which is a duty; but the killing which this commandment forbids is not of that kind. It is a breaking of this commandment to wish another person dead—a very common way of its breaking. Another way is to worry another to death, or to neglect another to death. Husbands have killed wives, and wives husbands in this way; so have children killed parents, and parents killed children, and friends killed friends. Not to save the life of another when we could save it at a purely personal sacrifice, is to be responsible for the other's killing. There is a great deal of killing going on the world which never comes before the grand jury, or has mention in the criminal courts.

Thou shalt not commit adultery (v. 14.)—God honors the family. God commands that the family shall be held in reverence and guarded in purity. And to do one's part toward keeping the family in honor and purity, one must honor himself and be personally pure. It is as much a duty to get ready to keep this commandment as it is to keep it when one is ready. Getting ready to keep it requires an early start and close attention right on through life. There are a great many cheap novels, and novels that are not cheap, and popular newspapers and love-making "Fireside Companion" story-books, and pictures in the windows of art stores, that help a young person get ready not to keep this commandment. And the dance room and theater, help in this line. And there is a great deal of beginning to break this commandment by quiet thinking and unnoticed looking, and free and easy talking among boys and among girls. There are many violations also of the spirit of this commandment which only God and the sinner himself know about.

Thou shalt not steal (v. 15.) What do you understand by stealing? If it means the getting an unfair possession of that which is properly your neighbor's this commandment covers a good deal that is not defined in the law as burglary, robbery, or larceny. How is it about cheating? What have it would make in trade, if everybody was bound under this commandment to dispose of goods on their real merits, instead of at what they would bring? And how the gamblers, stock gamblers, lottery gamblers church raffle gamblers, election gamblers—would swell the procession of thieves! And then the loungers and loafers and purposeless callers who steal busy men's time, how they would run up the list! Then we should have to add those who steal one's confidence, by false appearances for a selfish purpose; and ever so many others. This trying to define the number of those who do more or less stealing is a confusing business any way. Who is thoroughly honest—honest through and through in all things?

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor (v. 16.) Well, then, what shall we talk about? Of course, if we hear anything to our neighbor's discredit, it isn't wrong for us to mention the matter to one or two others—just in strict confidence, you know! At all events we can ask the others if they have heard of it, and if they know whether or not it's true—especially if we say we hope it isn't! That is, if we must be held responsible for all that we report about our neighbors that isn't true, when we didn't make it up to begin with, and only told it just as we heard it—why, what a constraint we shall be under, all the time about everybody! Dear me! These commandments are very troublesome. They shut one in so on every side. What use is there in trying to keep them—and get on in the world like other folks!

Thou shalt not covet . . . anything that is thy neighbor's (v. 17.) The first step in the wrong is never taken with the right foot—nor the left one. It is taken inside in the heart. It is the longing for the results of sin; not commonly for the sin itself. Many a person would shrink now from murder, or adultery, or theft, or bald lying, will sit down and deliberately indulge in wishing he had what is in his neighbor's, or thinking what he would do if it were his. This is not the thought of purchasing another's property, or of having something like it. That may be all right. It is the being discontented with one's own lot, one's own home, one's own possessions, and wishing he had those which belong to another. This is really in dulging the thought that God has made some mistake in apportioning these things, and that the thinker could improve on God's plan, or be better off with his own way than by accepting God's way. This it is which identifies covetousness with idolatry. This it is which makes covetousness so gross and so heinous a sin.

Fear not, for God is come to prove you (v. 20.) If we think of these commandments and of our failure to obey them, we cannot help being afraid, and trembling before the signs of God's power—"the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smokings." There is not one of us who dare face God on his merits—asking only justice at the hand of God. But if we think of this God as all-wise and all-loving, who calls himself our Father and commands nothing but what is best for his loved ones, we can rejoice in his coming—even in the lightning and with the tempest—and can trust ourselves in his hands to be forgiven and saved in his own chosen way. Then we can ask him for the needed grace to enable us to keep all these commands in both word and spirit, and to glorify him in both our bodies and our spirits which are his.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

Judge W. T. Filley, of Pittsfield, this State, was cured of severe rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Native Prurient Curiosity.

The dividends of the Oneida Community have got down to 1½ per cent since the people began to marry. Under the old system the women were required to look out for themselves, and did, like other spinsters, but since they became wives they have taken the position of ladies and insist on being supported. This is right; there is no reason why they should any longer lag behind the surrounding civilization. It is a singular fact, however, and one which does not speak well for the average tone of public morality, that since the Community became decent the flocking of visitors to watch their wonderful industry and study the resources of their prosperity has ceased. These visits were a source of considerable revenue to the Community. Have Americans no curiosity except the prurient kind?

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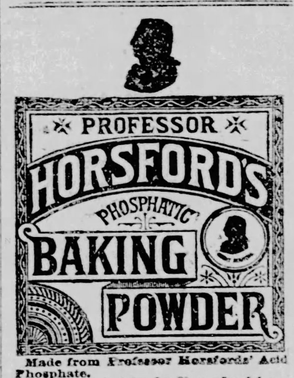

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Thursday, Nov. 10, 1881,
IS THE DAY DETERMINED UPON.

THE drawing of this scheme has been finally settled upon, and will CERTAINLY take place on Thursday, the 10th of November, 1881, by assent of the Commissioners, and this will enable me to sell all of the remaining tickets.

All persons, therefore, intending to invest in this scheme, can rest assured that there will be no further delays or postponements.

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Two Cash Prizes, each $5,000	10,000
Two Cash Prizes, each $2,000	4,000
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Five Cash Prizes, each $500	2,500
Fifty Cash Prizes, each $100	5,000
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Five Hundred Cash Prizes, each $20	10,000
One Set of Bar Furniture	1,000
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, AUG. 25.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

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NASBY IN EUROPE,

May 1st, Hr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a Locke's Letters to THE BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as lively as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a dozen others, known to and approved by a majority of ten families in every State and Territory.

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Every subscriber to the BLADE, during the publication of Locke's Nasby Letters, for either three or six months, will receive free of charge a splendid

[PORTRAIT OF D. R. LOCKE.

Name and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture stores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can be had only by subscribing for THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but the supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

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BLADE CO., Toledo, O.

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Circulation this Week, 83,000

OFF FOR SUNNY FRANCE.

In this week's letter Mr. LOCKE bids adieu to England, where he has spent seven interesting, but uncomfortable weeks, and goes to Paris, stopping on the way at the historic Town of Rouen, around which so much of the chronicles of France revolves. He tells the story of his final escapes from the clutches of his British despoilers, of his trip across the famous Channel, his arrival at Dieppe, and his entry into "the fair land of France," with his usual vivid picturesqueness. So real does he make things seem that the reader feels that it is he himself, and not the writer, who is making the journey, seeing all the sights, and having the varigated experiences. In the next letters we will have the wonders of Paris—the most wonderful City upon which the sun shines—painted for us in the same style of vivid realism, and it will be such a treat to those of us who cannot go abroad to see the City for ourselves, as is rarely laid before the readers of any papers. Be sure that you do not miss any of the numbers of the paper containing the letters.

THE most "laudable" thing about that "pus" seems to have been its antipathy to BLISS.

SOME of the camp meetings in the East are very poorly attended this year.

IN Italy the Summer has been the most insufferably hot ever known.

A WOMAN'S Silk Culture Association has been formed in San Francisco.

DURING the present year thus far 3,115 miles of railroad track have been graded and laid.

THE Pembina Indians are angry because Lord LORNE went away without partaking of their feast of roast dog. But the Marquis never could bear sausage meat, even when at home.

GOV. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, the yellow fever fiend of the War, has the bad taste to obtrude his medical opinions upon the public attention. The best thing BLACKBURN can do is to allow himself to be forgotten.

THIS country is not to be outdone by Europe in any one particular. A mountain out in Idaho is trying to rival Vesuvius and Etna, and bids fair to make it out. Columns of fire and smoke shoot up into the air several hundred feet, and stones have been thrown with such force as to fall miles away.

EVERY reader of the BLADE should have the "Nasby Pamphlets." We mail them postpaid, three different titles, for 30 cents. See announcement on next page.

THERE are in every community persons who can make money in canvassing for the sale of books. The books announced on the next page, "Andersonville" and "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," are the best selling books ever offered, and hundreds of agents are canvassing with great success. We are ourselves surprised at the success of "Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes," and the delivery for September will exceed the delivery of any book known to us, except the first delivery of "Andersonville." We advise agents to secure territory for both these books at once, as next month will yield a harvest to canvassers. See announcement on next page.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE gloomy forebodings with which we went to press last week have fortunately not been realized up to the hour of issue this week, but there has nothing occurred to give a reasonable foundation for any brighter hopes. We have all resisted the idea of death so long, we have sympathized so deeply with the President in his gallant struggle for life, and we have felt so earnestly that fate could not bereave the Nation of one who is so dear to every citizen, that it is an intense hardship now to be compelled to admit that everything seems to indicate that the President is rapidly wasting away into the grave, and that nothing short of an almost miraculous change can arrest his sorrowful progress thitherward. It is exquisitely painful to be compelled to write thus, but there seems to be no alternative but to prepare our readers' minds for the worst, which may happen at any hour, and is only too likely to occur before this paper reaches its destination. Divested of all medical verbiage, it may be stated briefly that the President's magnificent physical system is at length yielding to the long-continued strain upon it. The wounds in the back have drained away his strength, the stomach broken down under the task of trying to furnish material to rebuild upon, and life has been sustained for several days by injections of food. This expedient is also failing, and the signs of a general disorganization seem unmistakable. There is, however, a bare possibility yet of the case taking a favorable turn, and we only hope devoutedly for this, and wait.

THE week has been marked by strong excitement in the stock and produce markets. Wheat made a heavy advance in price, and this was sympathized with by all the other grains, pork, lard, cheese, cotton and coffee. This produced a sensation in the markets everywhere, and several heavy firms were unable to meet their engagements and suspended. It is felt, however, that the advance was much more than was warranted by the condition of the crops upon which it was assumed to be based, and that a speculative ring was squeezing the "lambs" savagely. This view of the matter is justified by the partial recession of prices, which is taken to indicate that the great speculation is about over, and that prices are likely to settle back before long to figures which permit exports. For several weeks the export movement has been materially diminished by the rise in prices, and it is important for the public interests that there should be a more free outflow. A vast amount of money has been locked up in these speculations, also, which will be quickly released if they have culminated.

INDICATIONS of coming trouble in the stock market multiply. The scantiness of Western crops, and the railroad war now raging threaten a reduction of dividends, which dispirit stockholders and depreciate stocks. The outflow of money from New York is already begun, and it will continue until there is a scarcity of currency for stock-gambling purposes, when a crash will probably follow. The only thing that can avert this is the inflow of gold from Europe, which has already begun, but it is hardly likely that this will come in sufficient quantity to save the stock-gamblers from disaster.

THE curious deadlock in the Maine Executive office still continues. Gov. PLAISTED wants to oblige both the Democrats and Greenbackers with his appointments, but he can appoint no one without the consent of his Council, which is composed of seven Republicans, and the Council refuses to sanction his nominations. A few days ago the quarrel came to an open rupture. The Governor declared the Council adjourned, subject to his call but the Council refused to consider itself adjourned and set a day for another meeting. Without the Council the Governor can do nothing; without the Governor the Council is powerless. Thus the matter stands.

THE Electric Exhibition in Paris is a success. Great interest has been manifested, and a good display made by most countries, but it is thought that the prizes will be carried off by the American exhibitors. EDISON'S exhibit attracts the most earnest attention of all visitors.

THE elections which took place last Sunday in France, Spain and Portugal resulted in victories which showed that liberal ideas are upon the gain in Europe. In France the Radicals have gained the victory in many localities, although taking the country as a whole the moderate Republican party have been quite successful. GAMBETTA'S election was fiercely contested but he finally came out triumphant. The day passed off without any disturbance.

IN Spain the election resulted in a great victory for the Radicals. The overwhelming defeat of the Conservatives is thought to be owing to a plot discovered by the Government, Saturday, to secure by fraud a majority in Madrid. So rapid was the movement of the officials after the discovery that the would-be defrauders and accomplices were arrested to the number of 300 persons, including some prominent political personages, while others high in influence in the Conservative party are implicated. The result of the elections is a pleasant triumph for SAGASTA.

THE passage of the Land bill is the most important event in Great Britain. Considerable feeling was aroused by what is called Mr. GLADSTONE'S compromise with the House of Lords, by which the efficiency of the bill will be much impaired. Undoubtedly he has lost much in the eyes of the Liberal party by yielding to the changes proposed, when had he remained firm the House would not have dared do otherwise than to approve it as it stood. The Lords are not popular enough with the people to risk anything so directly against their will as that and it is strange that Mr. GLADSTONE did not see it. The result is that neither Liberals, Conservatives, nor Ireland are satisfied and it is feared that agitation will recommence among the Irish tenantry.

AUSTRALIA, it is said, has only added about 165,000 inhabitants to her number during the last decade. This shows an annual growth of not quite four per cent.

MAKE HIM USEFUL.

This is pre-eminently a practical age. It is the era of the Useful; the epoch of Utility; the day of the Serviceable. The first questions asked in regard to anything are: What use can be made of it? To what practical purpose can it be turned? What will it contribute in anyway to the advancement of wealth, comfort or knowledge? And it is the proud boast of the science of to-day that the things of which this cannot be answered satisfactorily in the affirmative are very few indeed, and becoming every year much fewer. The new motto on the world's banners is "Nothing must be wasted," and under this conquering sign it moves on to ever-widening victories.

Somebody said of old, and very truly: "The worst use a man can be put to is to hang him," and this axiom has been accepted to an extent hardly contemplated by the utterer. In Kentucky and Texas they seem so fearful of wasting anybody in this way that the only men who stand a chance of attaining a ripe old age are those whom the good of society requires should be hanged before they acquire the skill necessary to use a self-cocking revolver effectively. Undoubtedly it does seem to the economist a terrible waste of valuable material to hang a man. A living human body is inconceivably the finest product of this earth, and to wantonly destroy it, seems like a felony against Nature, and a scandal to the science of Utility.

Why should all this cunning machinery—this infinitely ingenious organism, which has taken years of costly and painful effort to build up to perfection, and which has such great possibilities of usefulness to the community be wrecked by a running noose and a fall of six feet? Because the body has been applied to bad purposes—because it has been used in such a way as to be an injury to the community, is no reason why it should be destroyed, any more than a costly steamship which has been steered badly should be burned out of land.

Some of these days the advancement of science will enable us to deal with criminals of all kinds simply as creatures whose moral machinery has become deranged by physical causes, and who can be repaired, cleaned up, and supplied with better apparatus, and set going again just the same as is now done with a watch or sewing machine. This has already been hinted at in the discovery made by an eminent German surgeon that there are peculiarities in the brain convolutions of criminals, which reveal their moral character unmistakably to any scientific man who may dissect their heads. When we get it so that these malignant convolutions can be detected during the lifetime of the individual this knowledge will be worth something.

In the next century it will probably be so arranged that when an officer of justice arrests a burglar or a thief, a murderer, or a cashier who has gambled away the money of widows and orphans, he will take his prisoner to the medical expert, who will replace the Criminal Judges of the present. This official, placing the culprit in the focus of a powerful electrical light that will reveal every fold and turn of his interior, as the sun's rays show through stained glass, will say after a moment's study of the illuminated scoundrel:

"Yes, it is plain to be seen what is the matter with the fellow. His convolutions are all abnormal, his moral ganglia are anemic and atrophied; the folds of gray matter are generally in a bad state. Put him in No. 13 till I have time to tend to him. The late panic has crowded me with work, but I guess I can straighten him up some time this month."

And in a few weeks the man is returned to his family a reconstructed and valuable member of society, with no more disposition to steal, or burgle, or use a revolver upon his fellow-man than he has to drink oil of vitriol, or read a work on political economy. The State makes good the money he stole or pensions the family of this victim, and assesses from his earnings enough to pay the interest.

But to attain this glorious consumation, when Physiology shall become the chief handmaid of Justice and Science smile benignantly on the conversion of what has been the bane and cancer of society into sweet and healthy elements, we must make much progress from where we now are. Our doctors must know infinitely more than they do now, and in order to know more they must have more opportunities for acquiring knowledge; to acquire more knowledge, they must have more subjects to experiment on, and this brings us to our point.

Doctors have heretofore made most of their experiments on dogs and rabbits, whose organs bear some resemblance to man's, but it is evident to them, as to every well-regulated mind, that to make any real progress in knowledge, and to thoroughly understand the various peculiarities of the human organism they should have the men themselves to experiment upon. In no other way can they get at the truth with any respectable attainment of exactitude.

Now, how can we get these men for them?

Ay, there's the rub. We can always count on a small number of volunteers—men whose devotion to science is such that they are ready to sacrifice their bodies for its advancement. There are also probably some others whose unhappy married lives would make welcome to them any way out of the world which had not the odium of suicide; but these sources of supply are manifestly too small to satisfy the demands of scientific investigation, which requires hundreds where these would not furnish dozens.

Naturally one turns to condemned criminals. Why should they not be used for this great purpose? Why should they, who have preyed upon society all their lives, not be made to return some thing in the only way they can, by the use of their bodies for the explication of vexed medical problems?

Nearly all the world's knowledge of the important function of digestion dates from 1830, when a Canadian Frenchman named ALEX. ST. MARTIN blew a hole in his stomach by reason of his shot-gun bursting, and thus afforded an aperture through which for years the doctors studied the methods of the stomach when at work. It was no doubt far from pleasant to be condemned to go about always with this window opening right in upon his domestic privacy, so to speak, but his individual discomfort was compensated for by the inestimable benefits conferred upon science and the health and comfort of millions.

What real reason is there why we should not use our criminals to gain in the same way accurate and much-needed knowledge about the functions of the liver, spleen, lungs, heart, brain, etc? For instance, there is the terrible mystery of hydrophobia, the rationale of whose fatal action doctors can not even guess at. Why not turn over condemned wife-murderers to the doctors to experiment on with rabid dogs until they get a clear idea of what the poison is, why it acts as it does, and the best means of combatting it? The experiments would not probably consume as many of these rascals as there are valuable lives sacrificed every year because doctors do not know how to treat *rabies canina*.

Now there is GUITEAU. For 38 years that man has been a burden and expense to the community. As soon as he was able to do anything for himself he began preying upon those around him. He has swindled, cheated and imposed upon all that he came in contact with, and never has made a return of a cent to the community he has pastured upon. He crowns his career of impudent villainy by the most wanton of crimes, which plunges 50 millions of people in the deepest grief, and keeps them for weeks in the agonies of fearful suspense, while the author of the crime grows sleek and fat in his comfortable prison.

No fate could be bad enough for such a wretch, and yet the Constitution, and what is more, the humane spirit of our people, prevents the administration of the vindictive punishments formerly visited upon those who slew or attempted to slay rulers. But why would he not be a good subject to begin the custom of handing over such as he to the doctors to experiment on for the benefit of science? In this way he might be made of inconceivable use to humanity. It might be well to make him the first example for studying up the effects of a mad dog's bite, or, by removing the upper part of his skull, he might give a committee of surgeons the long and ardently desired opportunity of studying the living human brain, and localizing its functions. But we need not particularize. If he is once surrendered to the profession for vivisection, we can rest assured they will make good use of him, and an incidental benefit will be a powerfully deterring influence upon fellows who in the future may have a fancy to go gunning for a President.

IRISH AGITATION.

The Irish Convention held in Chicago has finished its business, if it had any, and broken up, it is reported, in a row, although its sessions were held with closed doors. The trouble was caused by a difference of opinion in regard to the disposal of the funds which have been collected for various purposes, and an account of which those having them in charge refuse to render.

IT IS NO WONDER that they do not want to give up the handling of so much money, or tell how it is disposed of, if they do upon what are they to live. The game has been played so often in this country that it is an old story. Without knowing much about the matter, or the names of these leaders, it is easy enough to understand, judging from the past, that Ireland and her wrongs are of less importance to these individuals than the means of living without work, and the influence their position as agitators gives them in the eyes of Irish citizens.

No definite good, it is said, was accomplished by this meeting. Of course not. The sooner that the warm-hearted Irish citizens of the United States learn that, in nine cases out ten, these blusterings agitators who are collecting money for this and that fund which is sometime in some way to support an army that will liberate downtrodden Ireland, are mere adventurers whose object is easily gained money and notoriety, the better it will be for them. When men like Father HANNIN, for instance, whose long years of earnest labor for the good of his people entitles him to their confidence asks for money for a given purpose, it can be given with a certainty that it will not be misapplied.

THE BLADE does not mean to say—because, since the Convention endeavored to sit with great secrecy, it is not supposed to know—that there were no real, true-hearted, earnest patriots, devoted to a cause which they believe to be a just one, among those who assembled in Chicago, but when, with such vital interests under consideration, they broke up in a quarrel over the money collected, it looks very much as if the dollars were more important in their sight than the good of Ireland.

According to Peoria L. C. CROWE'S story the "bosses" have spent it very agreeably in traveling across the water, it taking $5,000 for one man and $2,500 for another to make that trip, and in various other ways too numerous to enumerate, but none of them doing one particle of good to the cause they claim to champion. If these "bosses" really had the cause of Ireland at heart there would have been no such disgraceful row as that in which the Clan na Gael Convention broke up on Wednesday.

It is not strange that the Irish who have come to this country and found comfortable homes here should be roused to active sympathy with their countrymen back there who are enduring the ills from which they have escaped. But it would be well for them to wait always before giving of their hard-earned "siller" to any schemes for freeing Ireland, to be certain that the funds thus collected will be applied to the purpose for which it is called for, and not to keep a set of unprincipled men in a life of luxurious idleness.

THE German navy at the present time consists of 12 first class iron frigates, the small monitor "Arminius," eight iron gunboats, 15 cruisers, 10 of iron and five of wood, seven sloops of war, three composite ships, several yachts, 15 smaller gunboats, three tenders, eight torpedo boats, two transports and several training ships. They are now building four sloops of war and three gunboats.

BLACK birch, it is thought, will be used as a substitute for black walnut, which is getting scarce. The birch can be stained to look exactly like the walnut.

BOSTON so far has contributed $125 to the GARFIELD fund.

OUR HUMOROUS POSTER.

Send for a copy of our comical poster of "Nasby in Europe." We are sending them free to all applicants, and we want one posted in every public place in the land.

THE SUPREME COURT.

There is a certain class of dabblers in politics who resemble a soda water fountain. That is, they gush at a touch with a noisy effervescence of fine, sweet but very thin sentiment, which may be pleasant enough for an occasional indulgence, but is very insipid and unwholesome as a regular thing. These gushers are now demanding that ex-Senator THURMAN be appointed to the Supreme Bench as the successor of Associate Justice CLIFFORD. It would be so magnanimous, they say, to recognize in this manner a talented chieftain of the opposition, and a man whose day of political activity is past. Above all, they say, the Supreme Court should be kept nonpartizan, and strict justice requires that the Democracy should have nearly as strong a representation upon it as the Republicans. And then, consider the edification of the spectacle of a Republican President rising above all party considerations, to bestow one of the most coveted honors in his gift.

If politics and government consisted of nothing more deep and vital than the amenities of the drawing room there would be something worth considering in this flatulent effervescence. But the direction of the destinies of 50,000,000 of people, and the formation of the institutions of a progressive and growing Nation require something else than the paying of pretty compliments and the exchange of graceful flatteries. It is rugged, earnest business, that demands the highest efforts of the ablest men in the Nation, and the most unflinching application of strenuous rules to attain anything like approximate success.

These gushing dabblers have not the grasp of intellect to comprehend that in a Nation like ours the Supreme Court must, in one sense, be the most partizan of its institutions. It must reflect the spirit of the age, and record the pace of progress with an accuracy and fidelity not expected of any other department. Elsewhere we can have ebbs and flows, action and re action. We can elect this year a Congress of the most progressive type, and two years hence one of the most reactionary character; we can alternate Hunkers with Radicals in the Presidential chair, and so on all through, without manifest injury to the country, but the Supreme Court must be all the time within close hailing distance of the the advancing wave of progress—it must have a close sympathy with the onward current of the age, or irreparable injury will be done the country.

Law is, or should be, just as progressive as any other science. It should be especially so in this country, where the statutes represent the continual widening and broadening of the minds of the people, and their methods of dealing with the new conditions that continually arise in our developing civilization. This was well described in the recent oration of Gov. HUBBARD upon the late Chief Justice SEYMOUR, of Connecticut. The speaker said:

> You would have said in advance that he was the last lawyer in the State to rebel against the old hereditary bondage of the law. Like the man in the iron mask, he had got used to it, and lived and grown old in it. But he saw and felt what some of our best lawyers have found it so difficult to see and feel—that the law has remained for centuries a dead and cowardly conservatism, rusted and crusted all over with what Burke in the fulness of his eloquence calls "The awful hoar of innumerable ages." It is beginning of late to cast off its moldy grave clothes, and to quicken into new life, a larger freedom and better use; and all this, not by violent disruptions or reckless experiments, but by a system of careful surgeries, and new adaptation, founded on the changed conditions and actual needs of society, and on the best studies of some of the best minds of the age.

In the sense of being a faithful reflex of the advancing thought of the age the Supreme Court must always be partizan. It can be nothing else, and fulfil its duties. If it had been strictly non partizan, for example, it could not have taken cognizance of the fact that a war raged in the land a few years ago, and that the exigencies of the war had to be met with sensible modifications of legal principles which had previously obtained. Nor could it have recognized that the war was the greatest of Legislatures, and made new sets of ideas dominant in the adjustment of all our relations.

It is the imperious duty of the President to assist in maintaining this progressive character of the Court, to help bring it into thorough harmony with the advanced in thought by adding to it, as occasion demands, men representative of that advanced thought. Pres. GARFIELD should appoint, as his predecessors did, men who represent entirely the convictions and beliefs of the majority who elevated him to office. In this way alone can the fresh new blood be injected in to the body of the Supreme Judiciary that will keep it abreast of the requirements of the time.

There is no danger that this may be overdone, and the Court lose its conservatism. The accretions of new elements are so slowly made that the greater danger is in the other direction. The death of Justice CLIFFORD was the disappearance of the last trace of the old Slavery, States Rights, Secession element that dominated the Court at the beginning of the War. He was the last representative and exponent of a set of ideas that everywhere else have been condemned and rejected. He belonged to an era gone by forever, and which we do not care to recall. His presence in the Supreme Court was as impertinent and anomalous as that of a snow drift in a harvest field.

To put THURMAN in his place would be to continue that anomaly. The ex-Senator from Ohio does not represent a single idea that has become dominant in the past quarter-of-a-century. He attained to intellectual manhood in the days when Slavery and the Resolutions of '98 ruled, and his intellectual growth stopt then. He belongs to the pluperfect past, and his mind has no moods or tenses for the present or future. Nor is there any need for him as a conservative makeweight, for the Court is already more conservative than it should be. It needs an infusion of fresh intellectual vigor rather than a sedative and a refrigerant.

Nor is the sentimental reason any stronger. Mr. THURMAN has been a bitter enemy of the Republican party and all its ideas ever since it was organized. He has combatted it as incessantly and unscrupulously as any enemy that it ever had. His opposition happened to be more respectable than that of VALLANDIGHAM and VOORHEES, because he has vastly more brains and character; but it was every whit as violent. He was an ardent sympathizer during the war with everything that made an obstacle or embarrassment to our soldiers, or hindered the Government in its efforts to maintain the National life. If he ever had a loyal thought in our days of forest need he gave no evidence of it. And when the Republican party was in the midst of its fierce struggle for the preservation of National honor involved in the Resumption of Specie Payments, he surrendered the convictions of his lifetime and joined the Fiatists in their suicidal warfare upon the prosperity of the country, just as he did the Rebels in theirs. We can see no reason of any kind which such a man as this should be imposed upon the Supreme Court.

"HOUSEKEEPING HEREAFTER"

The question of how to diminish domestic cares, how to regulate domestic service so as to leave the home intact and preserve the health and strength of the mothers of the land is one which has become among the most important of the day. Housekeeping is no longer the simple affair of the primitive days, and it grows more and more complex as the years go on. It is true that there are numerous inventions for doing many things that in times past called for slow and wearisome hand labor, but the exactions of social life have far more than kept pace in their increase with all such household aids, while the help to do the added work efficiently has been wanting. Thoroughly trained servants in this country are anomalies, and there seems little chance of their growing less so for a long time even if the strongly advised training schools are established. The lack of permanency in this branch of labor is the great trouble, for under a Government which permits the day laborer to become President, ambition always points to a life not including service to another, and especially is this true of the girls who are usually in our houses and upon whom the housekeeper must depend.

With this state of things staring us in the face, anything new which promises relief possesses an interest not only to housekeepers but to people at large. In the September number of the *Atlantic*, under the title of "Housekeeping Here after," J. V. SEARS discusses the matter, and offers a remedy for most of the existing evils. The foundation of his cure is the same idea which has been advanced before, but the structure erected is somewhat different. Briefly, it can be described thus:

A centralized establishment which he would call a domestic depot will be organized, say for 50 households, located in a way to communicate easily by means of the telephone and pneumatic tubes with each house, so that talk and work could pass as readily and rapidly as now between kitchen and dining room. A square or block bounded by four streets in a City could be used in this way. The depot could be built upon one of the side streets, extending if necessary to the center of the square, but most of the room under ground. Above ground would be the offices and a high chimney on the top of which could be placed an electric light, illuminating the rear rooms of the houses.

"The working appliances will be a steam generator of ample capacity; a steam engine; a blowing engine, furnishing compressed air for the pneumatic dispatch and for ventilation; an electric light apparatus and batteries for the wires; a hotel range for heavy cooking; a good old fashioned brick oven; and a laundry with modern machinery, where washing and ironing can be done at any and all times without regard to weather."

The difference between this plan and any that has been advanced before lies in the use of the telephone and the pneumatic dispatch, both of which have been perfected sufficiently to be made important agents in centralized housekeeping. These pneumatic tubes and the wires will extend from the central depot to every house in the square. The tubes will be large enough to convey most articles that usually go into a kitchen, and will be fitted with carrying cylinders suited to the wants of the family.

All of the household supplies instead of being delivered as now at each door, will be carried to the depot, and there prepared according to directions given. Whatever the order may be it can be sent through the pneumatic tubes easier than now from one floor to another by the dumb waiter.

Mr. SEARS says that the question of costs can only be settled by experiment, but he makes calculations upon fair grounds to show that the average expenditures for 50 families would be far less than now. It would take much less fuel to begin with; supplies could be purchased by the quantity at less rates than for families singly, and the number of servants required would be fewer. A saving could be made in various other ways which we cannot now stop to enumerate.

"These hints," says the writer, "as to the functions of the domestic depot are not based on dreams of what progress and invention may accomplish in the future, everything here suggested as possible having been actually done already in commerce and the arts. The mechanical appliances requisite for equipment to do the work are already in operation in one industrial field or another and to organize the establishment it only remains to bring these together and set them in motion. That such an organization will presently be attempted is another prediction that may be ventured with little risk."

There may be, and probably are, difficulties in the way of the perfect working of Mr. SEARS' plan at first, which would only become evident in making the experiment, but they cannot be insurmountable, and the prospect held out of the lifting of the heavy burdens of household duties without destroying the sanctity of home is bright indeed. At least this, or something approaching it, is worthy of a trial, and it is to be hoped that it will be made in the near future. Science is doing much in various ways to simplify the solution of the problems of life, and it may be that this one will not much longer trouble the brains of the public.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

We have but a few copies left of that remarkable cheap book "The Struggles of Nasby," which we have been mailing postpaid for $1.25. It is a very fine illustrated subscription book of over 600 pages, and has never before been sold for less than $3. We have mailed thousands of them during the past three months, and we have but a few copies left.

Another book of equal value, but of another character, is "Bible Biography." We are also mailing this for $1.25. For description see advertisement on the fifth page of this paper.

On receipt of $2.50 we will for a time mail either of above books, the portrait of LOCKE, and the Weekly BLADE one year.

THE rumor that the Pope is about to remove from Rome is too absurd to need denial. Among all the things the happening of which is possible to the church that is the most improbable. So much of the church's prestige depends upon the retention of its capital in the Eternal City, that that, in itself would be a sufficient reason, were it not reinforced by a still stronger one. This is that the Roman Catholic Church is, in one of its aspects, simply a gigantic corporation, owned, controlled, and operated for the benefit of a set of "noble" Italian families, who have inherited stock in it precisely as the descendants of CORNELIUS VANDERBILT have inherited a controlling interest in the New York Central. The ORSINIS, COLLONNAS, PICCOLOMINIS, CONTIS, BORGIAS, etc., and their descendants, direct or collateral, have for centuries had the management of the church, and the use of its revenues for their own benefit. An occasional Cardinalship is thrown to an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Frenchman or a German, and in recent years the millions of Irish and American Catholics were recognized by giving a red hat to an Irish-American, but the great majority of the Sacred College is formed of these proprietors of the church. Of the 260—more or less—Popes who have sat in the chair of St. Peter, in the past 1840 years, only a score or such matter were born out of Italy, and it is nearly 400 years since the last non-Italian was elected Pope. This shows how little likely they are to let go their grip on it, and allow the Holy See to be removed where aggressive foreigners may shoulder them out of their "heritage."

THE writers of "nonsense rimes" are doing indirectly a good work for Spelling Reform by calling attention to the ridiculous incongruities of our present way of writing words. Here is one of the most effective of these, which appeared originally in the Somerville *Journal*:

There was a young cake named Daveaux,
Who a bicycle riding would go-eaux;
But he soon caught a cropper
(A caper not proper)
And found that his cake was all deaux.

Sim Thimblekin purchased a yacht
And himself a fine sailor he thacht;
But he capsized one day
In the midst of the bay,
And was "drownded" right there on the spacht.

Of such rhymes, now the weather is hacht,
All the papers are printing a lacht;
But ere Winter shall come
They'll be voted a "bore,"
And the authors court-martialed and shacht.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us to give a "full history of the betrayal of the Republican party by ROSCOE CONKLING in 1876." We do not feel inclined to comply with his request. When Mr. CONKLING was defeated, and relegated to private life, we ceased our warfare upon him. We do not care to persecute a fallen foe, and until Mr. CONKLING shows signs of becoming an obnoxious factor in our politics again, which we trust will never happen, we will try to remember only what was good in his political life.

AS we predicted, all the excitement about the JAMES BROTHERS is dying out, and those worthies are probably now reposing peacefully in the bosoms of their virtuous families, enjoying the pleasant homes gained by the fruits of their predacious gallantry, and having, whenever they desire it, the agreeable company of a Missouri Judge or Sheriff at tea, or for an evening at poker. There is no place where a dime novel hero can bask in such sweet sunlight of public esteem as Missouri.

GAMBETTA does not find his road to public favor entirely strewn with flowers. He has any amount of pluck, however, and never fails to preserve a bold front. The other day he attempted to addressed a public meeting at Paris, at which about 10,000 people were present. They would not listen to him, but howled and shrieked, until disgusted, he denounced them as a pack of cowards, afraid to hear the truth, and left the platform. The mob had carried the day by force of numbers but not of will.

IF GUITEAU is allowed to read the bulletins from the White House he must feel much encouraged, for it is not the wound he inflicted upon the President, but that gentleman's incorrect dietetic habits that seems to be mainly responsible for the present crisis.

THE discovery has been made that artesian wells may be successfully sunk in the rotten limestone belt of Southwest Georgia, a thing hitherto pronounced impossible, which will make a portion of that State now considered almost worthless, very valuable.

DR. TANNER, instead of "starving in poverty" in Western Pennsylvania, as recently announced, has registered his diploma to practice physic and is now engaged in fattening himself for another fast of three months, during which time he is to "feed on electricity."

A CHICAGO grain dealer says: "With short sellers enough, bad weather, and the Almighty on their side, a lot of 'chumps' can run the wheat deal."

THE *Clarke County Republican*, published at South Charleston, O., has for its motto:

> This is a Nation with a Big N, and Don't You Forget It.

The grand prize at the Atlanta Cotton Exhibition is to be $1,000 for the best bale of cotton other than long staple.

THE Russian Government it is said, proposes to publish a popular gazette, several copies of which will be distributed in each village, Sundays and holidays, to be read and discussed by the villagers.

GEORGIA is going to work her river beds for gold, which is declared to exist there in large quantities.

EGYPT seems to be drifting towards a military despotism.

ANOTHER cemetery is being dug over for A. T. STEWART'S remains.

THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

We announce on the next page an edition of the Revised New Testament which we have selected to furnish our readers at the very low price of $1.00, postpaid by mail. This is the very best edition for the money yet published, and every family should have a copy in their possession. We have already sold an enormous number of these books, and the demand is still as great as at the first announcement. Not a single instance of dissatisfaction has come to our notice. We trust all who have not ordered will do so soon, as this announcement will soon have to give place to something else. We have a few Morocco bound copies at $1.50.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The flow of gold from Europe to this country having resumed, it is likely to continue until late in the Autumn. There is now about $6,000,000 in gold in transit, which will arrive in New York within the next two weeks.——Ex-Gov. Noyes, from from France, pronounces against the De Lesseps Panama scheme, unless Americans are to be let in on the ground floor, so to speak. The assistance of the United States, he insists, is necessary to the success of the enterprise. The canal route is a part of the coast line of the country, and must be controlled by the country or the scheme must be made a failure.——New York's World's Fair project is not entirely given up, it seems. The discussion of the subject has been revived, and "many capitalists" are spoken of in connection with a new and determined effort to rescue the movement from failure.——From March 1, 1881, to Aug. 1, the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union in the Northwest organized 314 new Sunday Schools on the frontier and in destitute places in the older States. These schools have 1,347 teachers and 9,083 scholars. Missionaries have recently been commissioned by this society to labor in Minnesota, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota, Arkansas, Colorado, California, and men will be sent to the other Territories as soon as the funds are secured to sustain them.——Sen. David Davis has sent from his extensive timber lands to Atlanta, Ill., a whole oak log to be put in the monumental log cabin that will be dedicated in a few weeks at that place. Every old settler in the community is expected to contribute a log.——Arrangements for the Anglican Church Congress are nearly completed. The Congress opens at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Oct. 4, and will continue in session for four days. Among those who have already signified their intention of taking part in the proceedings are the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Bedford, Carlisle, Argyll and the Isles, and Meath, the Dean of Durham, Archdeacon of Warrington, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, Dean of Manchester, and Earl Nelson.——The German Emperor, it is reported, will request the Grand Duke of Baden to assume the title of King on September 29, which is the 25th anniversary of his marriage with the only daughter of the German Emperor. If the Grand Duke accepts the proffered gift, the marriage of his daughter Victoria with the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway will admit of being celebrated at Carlsruhe.——At the annual meeting of the Methodist Conference in Liverpool, England, which has just closed, the list of ministers presented who had died in England since the Conference of 1880, embraced 32 names. Of these, two had been in the ministry for a period of 66 years and one 62 years; six over 50 years, 11 over 40 years, two over 30 years, three over 20 years, and the remainder for periods of service ranging from four to 16 years.——The subscriptions to the fund for the President's family aggregate $155,985.85.——The result of the elections in France Sunday, was the success of 370 of the Republican and 99 of the Opposition candidates for the Chamber of Deputies. This is a gain of 45 Republican members.——An effort is to be made in Indiana, through the agency of a State association formed for that purpose, to put a stop to the wholesale destruction of fish by the use of dynamite cartridges and other explosives. There is a law against wanton waste of this kind, and its provisions should be strictly enforced.——Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, is gradually growing weaker, and has now to be fed like a child. He never complains, however, and sometimes enjoys the conversation of those about him, laughing gently at the humor of his friends.——Gen. William T. Sherman will take part in the Groton Centennial celebration, at New London, Conn., on Sept. 6th, and join the Governors of the New England States at the New England Fair, in Worcester, Mass., on the following day.——Rev. W. H. H. ("Adirondack") Murray's Texas farm has half a dozen horses worth $60,000. It has been generally believed that orchard fruits will not thrive in Texas soil, but Mr. Murray has succeeded in raising apples, pears and peaches in abundance.——It was recently stated by Sec. Blaine that there are 1,500,000 applications on file in the various departments in Washington for appointments in the Government service.——A Ft. Scott, Ks., dispatch says: "The hearts of the people of this section were made glad Saturday morning by a copious rain, the first in this

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

A Remarkable Book—A Remarkable Religious Progress—Some of the Figures—The Effect of the Change.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

OCEAN GROVE, Aug 19, '81.

As this is rather a religious place I have been giving some attention to a religious book, which has just come from the press of Phillips & Hunt, of New York. I refer to a volume by Daniel Dorchester, D. D., entitled "The Problem of Religious Progress." It is certainly a very remarkable book and can hardly fail to run the gauntlet of a good deal of severe criticism. It occupies considerable space in giving a history of the growth of the Protestant movement since the Reformation, its period of extraordinary growth, its periods of religious interests, its Sunday schools, etc., and closes up with the statistics of the various churches compiled from their own annuals and year books, and, where these are lacking, from the sources most sanctioned by their own authorities.

The result of the official summary will be a surprise to the Christian world. Great pains have been taken to impress the public with the idea that Protestant Christianity was waxing oak. Thirty years ago Bishop Hughes delivered a discourse in New York on "The Decline of Protestantism and its Causes," and, since then, the *Catholic World* has had many articles on the same subject, and Rev. Dr. Ewer, an able and scholarly high Church Episcopalian, lectured by course of lectures, and finally published a volume to put the decadence beyond a peradventure. The cross generally chimed in with these high clerical authorities and, as Protestantism had no strong defenders, it was taken for granted that it was on the wane.

But there is nothing like reliable statistics to cut up speculative errors, and these latter seem to prove conclusively that the bishop and his followers were not well informed. Perhaps the best way to represent the matter is to say that, after the war, when it was discovered that the negroes were dying at a much more rapidly than the whites, and how ready certain newspapers were to declare that they could not stand the strain of a free condition, and that, under freedom, the race would probably decline and disappear. How effectually the late census put an end to that fallacy, we all know.

If their statistics should prove to be reliable, the decadence of protestantism is not visible in the least degree. It has been a fact that the Protestant churches were maintaining a condition of the highest activity; that with their Bible societies, Tract societies, Missionary societies, Education societies, Church Extension societies, backed by enormous sums of money, poured out by voluntary contribution, they were desperately in earnest; but it was not known how effective their labors really were on the world at large, or how nearly they were seeking to conquer.

The statistics appear to disclose what are some of the results. In the United States where the Roman Catholics have been claiming their greatest gains the result is to show that they are bound too Protestant churches, and that, after the first period of rapid increase, they are wholly from immigration, and have done little more than to keep pace with the growing population, while the Protestant churches have not only gained on the population but have gained with increasing rapidity as they advanced. In 1800 their number was 361,362, or about one *fifteenth* of the whole population. Fifty years later (1850) they had increased to 3,369,953, or one *seventh* of the whole population. Then, in 20 years more (1870) they numbered 6,673,396, or one-sixth of the whole population; and in the next 10 years they overreached 10,000,000, or one-fifth of the whole population.

What is particularly noticeable in these figures is that the gain in 20 years, subsequent to 1850, was about the same as in the previous 50 years, and that the gain in the last 10 years was greater than it was in the previous 20 years, showing that the Protestant churches were making more progress as they are now. For the period of 50 years the gain was 3,103,196. For the second period of 20 years it was 3,143,403, and for the third period of 10 years it was 3,327,567—that is to say it was greater in the last 10 years than in the preceding 20 years, or in the longer period of 40 years. The gains to the Catholic Church were also large, but show a considerable falling away in the last 10 years. For the first period of 50 years they reached 1,854,000; the second period of 20 years they were still larger, being 2,986,000. But for the third period of 10 years they fell back to 1,767,350.

But there is nothing in the Catholic Church that is quite equivalent to communicants in the Protestant churches. The members which they report seem to represent rather the church population than the church membership, and, in order to meet this point of difference, our author takes Church populations of the Protestant bodies and compares them, as in the following table:

	Whole Population.	Protestant Population.	Roman Catholic.
1800	5,308,483	1,277,050	100,000
1850	23,191,875	12,754,953	1,614,000
1870	38,558,371	23,156,889	4,600,000
1880	50,155,783	33,240,873	6,367,350

If we accept these figures as representing with anything like accuracy the condition of religious growth in the United States the result will be a surprise to the whole country. The increase of the Protestant populations, which it shows, is certainly remarkable; and, if it is correct, the number of non-religionists is gradually narrowing, while the last 10 years have been the years of greatest expansion in the Protestant churches and the period when their banners have advanced as never before.

But we have not the space to follow these statistics any further. The result is, however, equally remarkable in Europe. The political condition of France, Spain, Italy and Austria is vastly different from what it was 50 years ago and Protestant churches are now being organized in all those States. In the year 1500, when the Reformation began, four fifths of Europe were under the dominion of the Roman Church and the fifth was composed of the Greek Church, Mohamedans and Jews. To-day Romanists cannot claim quite the half of Europe and Protestantism covers considerably more than one-fifth.

If we take the world at large the figures point in the same direction. Everywhere encroachments are made, not only on the old church, but on the domains of Mohamedanism and Heathenism. Within the last 56 years the Sandwich Islands have been redeemed from gross barbarism, dotted with school houses and Christian Churches, organized into a regular government and added to the catalog of nations. The same thing has also taken place in other Pacific Islands, and Protestant Christianity is gaining rapidly in all heathen countries. Every where the way is open to its missions, which have been planted in the darkest corners of the globe. There are in the whole world more than 5,000,000 of Methodists, nearly 3,000,000 of Baptists, more than 2,500,000 of Presbyterians, nearly 1,000,000 of Congregationalists, and other denominations in proportion.

What has marked this wonderful advancement of Protestant Christianity is, among other things, a great increase of general information, a multiplication of schools and colleges, a marvelous enlargement of civil liberty and a steady growth towards liberality in the governments of the world. The populations under the sway of the Catholic church appear to be steadily diminishing and are now only half as numerous as those under Protestant influences, while the increase of the Protestant side, according to these figures, is simply enormous.

While Ingersoll is thundering against the Bible and prophesying the speedy downfall of Christianity, England and America, the two great Christian Nations, are annually sending abroad $8,000,000 to sustain Protestant missions; and his prophetic fulminations are about as near to being fulfilled as were those of his prototype 100 years ago. When Voltaire, the shrest of all the enemies of the Christian system, declared his full belief that "before the beginning of the Nineteenth Century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth," he was sitting in a certain room in Geneva which is now used as a Bible depository from which the word of life goes forth to feed the ever growing demand for light and truth. If Mr. Ingersoll is not beyond learning I commend to his attention this significant fact.

BUCKEYE.

PROHIBITION.

The Effects—How It Is Accepted and the Public Sentiments of Both Sides.

To the Editor of the Blade:

The order of Temperance known as "Murphy and Reynolds," from whence issued the Stalwart order "Murphyites" had been thoroughly established in this State prior to the Convention of the Legislators who introduced the Prohibition bill which was defeated by the Senate in the Spring of 1878. The famous Temperance lecturer Dr. Reynolds had done more good toward the consummation of Temperance than any other, except Gov. St. John, in the State. He is the man who sowed the seed in the minds of the people which has brought forth "an hundred fold."

The question of Temperance has been thoroughly agitated during the last four years, and whatever has been done on either side was not done upon the spur of the moment, but with due premeditation. In the cities, Salina for instance, when a city election has been held, both parties have shown their colors and voted their can didate. After the canvassing of both parties and the skulduggery they both employed in order to win, (here comes some "Temperance" wise acres and tell their Temperance friends what this Prohibition voted for by a majority of 25,000 and sanctioned by a big majority in the Legislature, is a "mere farce;" that the ballot was a "blind one;" a "mere cat in a bag." Perhaps the people did not know to a word how it was to read, but they knew they were voting for a common law by which to annihilate brutality, degradation and debauchery and that is the exact tenor of this "cat in a bag."

A pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in the eastern part of the State, who presented the Legislature with a petition signed by his congregation, praying it to change the bill so as to allow him to administer intoxicating wine as a sacrament to his communicants, when at the same time nearly all the churches were using the unfermented, Christ was not in the least technical, but was, if anything, the opposite. This is fully substantiated by the circumstances of Him and His disciples plucking corn as they passed through the fields, on the Sabbath, and when he commanded the man with the withered hand to "Rise up and stand forth in the midst," after which he asked, "If it is lawful to do good or to do evil, to save life or destroy it?" Paul says: "Though by eating meat, I cause my weak brother to stumble, I will eat no more, for his sake." We refer to the Dutch Reformed pastor to this as a suitable text for his afflicted congregation. It looks consistent with the *lex non scripta* that governs the relation between God and man that the churches *all* ought to take up the burden and lead in the confirmation of all Godly moves that have a tendency to elevate mankind and not prove to be a detriment to the cause, as this Church has done.

Leavenworth has been issuing licenses almost from the first of May, when it first went into effect, and so has Topeka, the very place where this law was enacted!

Last week there assembled in that City 5,000 people, who were addressed by ex-Gov. Robinson, C. B. Schmidt and Col. N. Wood, upholding the City for ignoring the law by adopting the license ordinance. Great enthusiasm prevailed, and "the meeting was a complete success and an immense affair," says the Kansas City *Times*.

Salina's citizens are not going to remain inert and allow the sacred laws of the State to be thus broken, even at her expense, for when the license system was enforced there were five saloons, each paying $500 license, which was put into the general school fund to defray the expenses of the expenses of the public school, and when this revenue has been withdrawn (as it is, of course, raised sufficiently to atone for its loss. There have been two cases already in the City. One—State vs. Frank Seaton—was settled by his pleading guilty, accepting the lightest penalty, and agreeing not to sell any more. The other—State vs. Engiebert Hartman and his daughter Kate—is not settled. When a jury was being impaneled, in order that no good Temperance men could serve as jurors, the defense subpœnaed all the accessible fanatics as witnesses, and the prosecution retaliated, so that they both had somewhere near 175 witnesses, which made it difficult to obtain a jury; but at last a good one was gotten, and the trial began.

It was a ludicrous affair. Some of the witnesses for the prosecution did not know whether Hartman sold beer or "Jamaica ginger," a flavoring extract. One witness testified that he drank a keg of the stuff "and because it did not make him drunk concluded it was not beer—any way it freshed." There were three councils on each side and the case was tried before Justice Norton.

After the examination of the principal witnesses, the case was argued, and the defense having no grounds for defense, made its clear case of "not guilty," and the opposite attorney, but the jury, the Court and the law. They even went so far as to ask the jury to ignore the law and their oaths and take their views of this rights abusing law.

But the jury found the old man guilty, and thinking his authority caused the girl Kitty to do as she did, cleared her. He was not satisfied and appealed the case to the District Court, which will involve the girl again. As soon as he was released on $1 more indictments were found against him and now awaits another trial. He sold 14 kegs on the Fourth. Great issue has been made of the expense incurred in the prosecution of the law. It will take several cases to cost Saline County as much as the single case of State vs. Barney Bolan for the murder of the two Anderson boys of Brockville, caused by intoxication, and to put the law to the offenders, will be a fair warning to those inclined that way; but it does seem hard to carry the law out to the letter in one end of the State and totally ignore it at the other. The whole fact of this failure is that there is too much money in it to let it alone. We see the effects of it on some of our neighbors. Under the old dispensation they invariably came home drunk on Saturdays (for that is the day the farmers all go to town for some) and their farms had the general appearance of belonging to a ship yard, but a change is manifest already and an air of industry prevails.

Capital is made of the check in the tide of emigration to the State. This cessation is more to be wondered at when we consider everything that has a tendency to influence it. In the first place three successive failures of the staple products of a State is enough to deter people from coming to it. Then think of the grasshoppers, chintz bugs, draughts, cyclones and high winds that have been conspicuously identified with Kansas; then wonder again not only there but the vast inducements held out by Colorado and New Mexico in their mining and agricultural districts, is sufficient to stagger the most acceptable locality, but these things are not taken into consideration.

A short time ago an agent representing a colony of Germans possessing $75,000, came to Salina to look up a suitable location for said colony, but as soon as he found they could get no beer, he located them in Clay County, Mo., where they will find a good opening for mission work.

There are any amount of good citizens coming here ostensibly to have their families under the influence of this same law, and of whom nothing is said; but if an Irishman or a German does not honor us with his majestic presence "the law is no good" and we must not regard it. At the time it took effect it was recommended that everybody get a "quart or so," in case of snake bite. Well, most of them thought it a feasable plan, and did so. But it is all gone now. Some of the bottles leaked out of their tops and if some of them ever saw a snake they would go and take some whisky for fear the snake would bite them. One prevarication is worth a half dozen cures. You see this is vice versa to what it was under the old dispensation, for they took the medicine first and saw the snakes afterwards, but snakes come first now. There used to be a considerable vice versa with those fellows under the old dispensation.

FRANK L. PECK.

Salina, Kans., Aug. 1.

The White House Bulletins.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

The public have so long watched the official medical bulletins from Washington, and have obtained so little for their pains, that a brief explanation of their value cannot be inappropriate.

It was announced to be the intention of the medical advisers of the wounded President to give no personal opinions to the public, but to bulletin the symptoms to the country, so that each individual could form his own conclusions from the given data, or appeal to a medical friend, who could better understand the technical wording, and more fully comprehend the relation of the whole statement.

But every one who has applied to his medical friend has been surprised at the number of "ifs" and "ands" that the doctor has used in his explanation; in fact, so many as to make the final opinion unsatisfactory, if not valueless.

The medical man is as much chagrined as his friends are unsatisfied; and the question is, why are both placed in this predicament? The answer will, I think, be apparent if we call to mind the doctors' universal routine of examining a patient in order to form his professional opinion. Every one will recall the examination of the tongue, inquiries as to thirst, desire for food, action of the bowels, pain, the existence of fever, sleep, respiration of breathing and finally the pulse. This is examined with care, and the medical man notes conditions that are not dreamed of by the patient or looker-on.

The number of beats per minute is only one factor. He notes whether the pulse-wave strikes his finger with great suddenness, constituting a "quick" in contradiction to a "frequent" pulse—whether it is strong or weak, whether it comes against the finger with force or whether blood creeps through in a powerless way. These are but explanatory items, and embrace only part of that which is silently and quickly noted by the medical man, whose opinion is worth having, and is in every feature essential to the forming of that opinion.

A pulse of 130, full and strong, has one significance; a pulse 130, small and weak exactly the opposite. One may show with other symptoms the existence of intense irritation or inflamation, the other the rapid failing of vital powers, a hurrying on to death. These conditions are to be interpreted in the light of other existing facts in relation to condition of tongue, action of bowels, thirst, sweating, breathing, sleep, food, etc., etc.; the frequency of pulse in relation to its force, fullness, feebleness, weakness, etc., etc.

Now these data have been excluded with scrupulous care. They have been the private property of Bliss, and with rare exception he has put them into his vest pocket.

It may not have been for the purpose of keeping the real state of affairs as long as possibly from the public, so that the storm of indignation could not be controlled, but certain it is that the data necessary to the forming of an opinion have not been furnished. No medical man can come to a reasonable conclusion from attainable facts, further than that the wound is a very dangerous one, and that the President under his management has been continually drifting toward his death.

The bulletins in the case seem to have been constructed with especial care. 1st, to leave all unexplainable 24, to keep the name of Bliss before an admiring world.

Toledo, Aug. 21. W.

Land Warrants for Soldiers.

To the Editor of the Blade.

Permit me, as an ex soldier and subscriber to your excellent paper, to give my views in regard to land-warrants, pensions, etc. I believe those correspondents who have advocated the granting of "free homesteads" to the ex-soldiers as a sort of "reward of merit" or partial recompense for their great service and sacrifices in the Union Army during that period that "tried men's souls" have expressed the ideas of all old soldiers who are true to themselves and their country. Of course it is worth much to us that we have preserved the Union and that we now have a reasonably good Government and National prosperity. Our struggles then made this state of affairs possible now. Yet, others who sacrificed nothing and only profited by the war enjoy the benefits of these as well as we. The gifts of the Government have been persistently bestowed on the impudent politician, the aristocratic railroad, or other monopolies, and little or nothing for its defenders. The best of the public lands have already been given to these.

When the authorities were moving heaven and earth to induce us to re-enlist during the Winter of 1863 '4, our Colonel, in a speech, picturing the honors we should receive at the hands of our countrymen in the future, quoted the language of an ancient orator, addressing the Romans:

"Why in that elder day to a Roman,
"Twere greater than a King."

Looking back through the lapse of years, I see no fulfilment of the promise; of course, the Kings have had decidedly the best of it.

A few who fared well in the war have been lauded to the skies, and the Government treasures freely poured in their laps, while those who endured the hardships, fought the battles and suffered the agonies, are insolently informed that they have had all the Government agreed to give them, as much as they ought to have, and they will get no more. A disposition is manifested by some to repudiate all claims, except those of the lordly bondholders. Four years of the best part of a poor man's life-time counts nothing against a rich man's mone. For my part, in lieu of the honors promised in 1863, I am willing to accept a homestead, which, when I am gone, my children can refer to with pride, and say it was a gift to our father for his patriotism.

I suppose the friends of Gen. Grant will not cease their efforts till they have secured an enormous life pension and a lordly title for him. I am seized with indignation that, while it is so difficult for a disabled private soldier to remove the obstacles, legal and otherwise, placed in the way of getting a pension, an effort should be countenanced to pension a man who is in no wise disabled, is simply a creature of the circumstances of the War, and no more entitled to special honor than any other worthy soldier. It is the "toadyism" of a bloated aristocracy.

REAR RANK.

Topeka, Kan.

WESTERN KANSAS.

An Impartial Statement of Its Condition and Prospects.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

Again I write to you in regard to what is called Barren Kansas. We had a very favorable Spring, and farmers were in good spirits. They hurried to get their crops in, and worked with great energy. Corn came up and looked quite promising, but alas! the dry, hot winds of July came, early corn wilted and a great deal blighted. This caused sickness on the part of a great many. These thought of their old homes in the East, and letters from their friends caused their minds to wander when they remembered the flesh pots they once enjoyed. Their courage failed and they abandoned their claims with curses on Western Kansas. Now, I will say that this Western Kansas undoubtedly will in time be one among the best farming localities in the United States. God did not place here such good and fertile soil for no purpose. In this latitude and longitude we have got to study the seasons and farm accordingly. There are times to sow and reap in all latitudes, and if we did not allow the seasons to govern us we would not reap a harvest in any State. And it is just so here in regard to our wheat crop this season. It may be said that the wheat that was sown in drills early so as to get a good root is supposed to yield from 15 to 20 bushels per acre, and wheat sowed otherwise yields less. Corn that was planted before the middle of May is quite short, and that that was planted after that is looking well.

Cattle are rolling fat, equal to Ohio tame grass fat. I will say in conclusion if there is any persons in the circulation of the BLADE that want homes they can get them here at almost their own figures. Some are leaving for good and abandoning all their improvements. There will be nothing to do but contest. But those who come must understand that they won't find great bearing orchards and large brick residences here. It takes sand and grit to grind through.

B. Y. FLANNIGAN.

Collyer, Traego Co., Kan., Aug. 1, 1881.

THE CALIGRAPH.

A Machine Which Saves Time, Health, Comfort, Temper, and Labor.

What saves time lengthens life," says an old adage, the importance of which we rarely think of. When a man can find a way of doing a thing in 15 minutes that has heretofore taken him an hour he has added that much to the length of his life. If the thing is something which he does every day one or more times he has lengthened his life for years. This is the way in which a Caligraph increases the number of a man's days, by enabling him to do in one hour that which without it would take five or six. With a Caligraph in good order—and the Caligraph has the invaluable merit of being always in good order, in which it differs radically from the type-writer—he can write as many letters in a day as he formerly wrote in a week, or he can finish up in the first hour of the morning the correspondence that with a pen would occupy the better part of the day. And there will be no such a draft on his nerves, temper and strength when his work is done by the handy little machine, as when it is done by hand.

The Caligraph has many advantages over the type-writer. It has all the good points of the older machine, with many improvements that the latter has not. It is lighter, easier worked, simpler in its parts, not nearly so liable to get out of order, and makes a handsomer impression on paper.

We have not the space to tell of all the good points of the Caligraph, or to point out the many ways in which it is a great help to the business man, and a grateful assistant to the overworked penman. This is done at length in a pamphlet which the manufacturers issue and which can be obtained by applying to the American Writing Machine Company, No. 213 West 31st street, New York City.

A Minister Drowned.

FALMOUTH, Mass. Aug 20.—Rev. Mr. Fairly, the well-known Congregational minister, was drowned yesterday afternoon in Crooked Pond. He had backed his vehicle into the pond and was fishing therefrom, when he fell into the water.

Red Clover.

To all of those who are troubled with Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Catarrh, Whooping Cough, Piles, or in fact with any blood diseases, we would call their attention to Needham & Son's advertisement in these columns. It is a tea made from pure Red Clover, and not a patent medicine, and has cured hundreds of people afflicted with the above diseases. Parties interested should send to them for one of their circulars.—*Pioneer Press.*

Don't forget Commonwealth Distribution Company's drawing on 31st inst.

WASHINGTON.

No Material Change in the Condition of the President.

Latest Official Bulletin: Pulse, 104; Temperature, 98.9; Respiration, 18.

Call for Five Per Cent. Registered Bonds Maturing October 1st.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.

The following was sent by Sec Blaine last night: "The President has been able to swallow and retain about 20 ounces of liquid food to day, showing a better state of his stomach; but his general condition is serious if not critical. He is weak, exhausted and emaciated not weighing over 125 pounds. His weight when wounded was from 205 to 210 pounds. His failure to regain strength is the one feature which gives special uneasiness and apprehension."

12:30 P. M.

The President continues to take by mouth an increased quantity of liquid food. At the morning dressing the wound looked well and the pus of a healthy character. The mucous accumulations in the back of the mouth on account of the parotid swelling are less viscid, and now give but little trouble. At present his pulse is 104; temperature, 98·9; respiration, 18. PHYSICIANS.

A GLOOMY PICTURE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—A Washington special describing the condition of the President, says: As very considerable nourishment has been retained upon the stomach the last 48 hours without the least gastric disturbance, without increasing the strength of the patient—in fact, he is showing unmistakable signs of growing exhaustion—the fear is expressed that there is lack of ability to assimilate even such easily digested food as has been given. That the President is naturally weaker than at any time during his illness is admitted, even when his condition is compared with that at the close of his 60 hours' starvation, Friday last. When awake he lies still, scarcely turning to look toward his attendants, unless it be necessary to take something from them. Only to his wife does he attempt to offer a greeting; to all others he is indifferent. There is evidently an effort to keep his consciousness. An attendant describes him as lying this morning with knees drawn up and right arm passed over his head just as he laid on the stretcher when it was brought into the White House on that fateful Saturday, seven weeks ago. He slept a feverish sleep, which is all he has had to rest him since Wednesday night. The great head moves slowly from side to side and the once eloquent lips muttered unintelligibly. Such a picture will give to a public, dazed with conflicting reports, an idea of how low lies the President."

THE POPE'S MESSAGE.

The following correspondence by cable is forwarded from the State Department:

ROME, Aug 15, 1881.

To Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington:

As the Holy Father learned with painful surprise and profound sorrow the horrid attempt of which the President of the Republic was the victim so now he is happy to felicitate his Excellency upon the news that his precious life is now out of danger and will ever pray that God may grant him the speedy and complete recovery of his health and long spare him to benefit the United States.

The undersigned has the honer to join in these sentiments of sincere congratulations and wishes for his complete recovery. L. CARDINAL JACOBIN.

Sec. Blaine replied:

To His Eminence L. Cardinal Jacobin, Rome:

Please convey to His Holiness the sincere thanks with which this Government received the kind expression of his prayerful interest in behalf of our stricken President. Since the hour the message was sent, the President's condition has been changed, and we are now filled with anxiety but not without hope. The President has been very deeply touched by the pious interest for his recovery shown by all churches, and by none more widely or more devoutly than by those of the Roman Catholic communion.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16. — Ex-Sen. Conkling was seen this afternoon by a reporter.

"I cannot tell you," said Mr. Conkling, "what anxious hours I have passed since my Washington dispatches of yesterday. A relapse at any time is dangerous, but at present the most of all. The more I think of this fearful tragedy, the firmer I am convinced that our country is passing through a dangerous crisis, and that Mr. Garfield's death would be one of the most unfortunate things that could happen to it. I do not intend to leave the City, should the President grow worse, unless it should be to offer my services to the bereaved family."

DRS. BLISS AND POMERINE.

Dr. Bliss says that Dr. Pomerine, of Ohio, who was Surgeon of Gen. Garfield's regiment during the war, came here soon after the President was shot, and asked to be admitted to the President's room to see the patient. Bliss says he replied that it could not possibly do the President any good to let Pomerine see him, and might do harm, but he promised Pomerine to submit his request to the other surgeons; that he did so and they flatly refused to assent to permiting any visit from Pomerine. Dr. Bliss reported this decision to Pomerine a day or two later. Says Bliss: "Dr. Pomerine went to the White House; went through the reception room upstairs and stepped into the President's room while his surgeons were all absent from the room; that while Pomerine was beside the President talking to him, Dr. Reyburn entered the room and very peremptorily invited Pomerine to leave." Bliss says Pomerine "sneaked" into the President's room after having been refused admission, and because he was turned out he has since assailed the President's surgeons.

CALLED BONDS.

WASHINGTON, August 23.—The following notice to holders of called bonds has been issued by the Treasury Department:

Notice is hereby given that the Department will redeem upon presentation, without rebate of interest, outstanding five per cent. registered bonds (funded loan of 1881), embraced in the 104th call maturing October 1 next. Parties transmitting bonds for redemption should address them to the Secretary of the Treasury, Loan Division, Washington, D. C., and all bonds included in this notice should be assigned to the Secretary of the Treasury for redemption. Where checks in payment are desired in favor of any one but the payee, the bonds should be assigned to the Secretary of the Treasury for redemption for account of (here insert the name of the person or persons to whose order the check should be made payable.) WM. WINDOM,
Secretary of the Treasury.

The Secretary upon being asked why payment of the five per cent. bonds, maturing October 1st, had been anticipated, said it had been customary to anticipate such payments, more or less, when the Treasury had ample means for that purpose, rather than to let money lie idle in the Treasury to be paid out all at once in large amounts. Under the present notice it is not expected any large amounts will be presented at once, but that the payment of bonds will be extended through the remainder of this and perhaps all of next month. The payment of these bonds is the last act in the plan by which loans have been continued at a reduced rate of interest, and the Secretary is anxious to have transactions closed as soon as practicable.

AN INTERVIEW.

Dr. Boynton is Anxious and Does Not Give Much Encouragement.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21.—Dr. Boynton said to night to the Leader correspondent: "We cannot tell whether this nausea, developed this afternoon, is the result of a radical derangement of the stomach or not. We are looking forward to the developements of the next 12 hours with anxiety. In fact his condition for the past 36 hours has caused us much apprehension. He did not rest well last night. He would fall into a doze, but his hands would keep twitching and grasping nervously, and his brain kept steadily at work thinking. It was not until 3 o'clock this morning that he fell into a real refreshing sleep. He has been troubled for a day or two with a thick phlegm from the excited parotid gland, which has caused him some annoyance in breathing. His stomach has been very sensitive since yesterday, and about half past 1 this evening, when attempting to dislodge the phlegm in his throat, he was seized with nausea and vomited. He vomited nearly all that he had taken during the day—about a pint. About 3 o'clock he was given a rather unpleasant gargle for the throat, and in attempting to use it he again vomited. We have ceased giving him nourishment by the mouth, and have returned to the nutritive enema once in four hours. They seem to be doing their work well. His pulse was strong until to night, just before he went to sleep, when it ran up to 119. Since he has been asleep his pulse has fallen to 106. His skin is moist and cool, and he has very little fever.

"Will the swollen parotid gland suppurate?"

"We cannot tell, as the time for that development has not yet arrived. It is not painful for we have medicated it to allay the pain."

"Would a suppuration of the gland affect the brain?"

"Not specifically; it might incidentally. That is one reason why I do not like to see it suppurate. Gangrene is likely to set in and the whole gland come out again. It may work up and eat out the whole mechanism of the ear, or may injure the brain through inflammation."

"Does the swollen glande choke him?"

"Not by reason of its swelling. It secretes the thick mucous, however, and causes him much annoyance by filling his throat in that way."

"What is his general condition?"

"He is a very weak man. I am very anxious about him. His mind has wandered a good deal lately, and I find it a great deal weaker these last few days than it has ever been before. It wanders now before he goes to sleep as well after he wakens; besides that it tires him more now to raise his limbs. He said to day as I was bathing him that he liked to be bathed, but that it tired him more to raise his limbs than ever before."

"Do you see the slightest sign of pyemia, Doctor?"

"Not as I have ever seen it. Pyemia doesn't seem to be understood by any two writers alike, but there is nothing in this case to indicate it as it is now understood."

"How do you feel about the case, personally?"

"I am very anxious about it, and am looking eagerly forward to the development of the next 12 hours. The President has gained no strength since his last relapse, and has little to lose. We shall try the stomach with food to-morrow morning again; we can then tell whether the nausea to-day was the result of derangement of the stomach."

WASHINGTON, Aug. 23.—Dr. Boynton was met about 1 P. M. by a representative of the press, when the following dialogue took place:

"In your opinion, doctor, what is the outlook at present?"

"I think the President is a little improved to day; he has taken and retained his nourishment well."

"What kind of nourishment are you giving to day?"

"The same as heretofore—koumiss and milk porridge."

"Does the patient appear to relish it?"

"Oh, yes, he asked for it this morning, you know."

"How do you feel about glandular trouble to day?"

"I feel better about it to day."

"Has it grown materially larger than it was?"

"No, I do not think it quite so large as it was, and I am quite confident should suppuration set in it will be in a much smaller degree, and have a less serious effect than it would have had had it suppurated before. Should it suppurate now possibly it will do no great injury."

"What are the chances of preventing suppuration?"

"Well, I cannot answer that question. It is a very uncertain complication, and one about which no reliable predictions can be made."

"How long will it be before you can decide whether or not suppuration is likely to occur?"

"The glandular affection became visible Wednesday last; I should think by to-morrow or Wednesday we should be able to determine."

"Do you consider that the President's stomach is performing its natural functions now?"

"Yes, I think his stomach is doing very well."

"There has been some talk about the President being delirious at times, Doctor; what are the facts about that?"

"The President has been a little delirious at times, but it has not amounted to anything serious."

"To what do you attribute the delirium?"

"It is caused by his feeble condition, together with his long illness. It would be likely to occur in a case where a patient had become so enfeebled as the President has."

"Then you do not attach any great importance to it?"

"No sir, not at all."

"Well, doctor, I understand that the attending surgeons have administered with the enemata a portion of opium; is that true? If so would it not have a tendency to cause delirium?"

"In all cases where the enemata are adminis ered a small quantity of laudanum or something similar is one of the component parts. This is administered for the purpose of aiding the retention of the enemata. It isn't sufficient to cause delirium.

"What do you think of the case on the whole to-day?"

"I feel more encouraged than I did yesterday."

The Doctor intimated at the conclusion of the interview that the President was still in a very precarious condition, and that his encouragement was based on the outlook at the present time.

THE INDIANS.

Soldiers Killed—Settlers Arming for Self-Protection.

DENVER, Aug 21.—The Tribune's Santa Fe special dated the 18th inst. says: Lieut. Taylor had a fight in the San Mateo mountains, capturing a camp of Indians and 20 horses. The Indians are in several parties moving southward. Every available man under the command of Gen. Hatch is either in the field or guarding the settlements. The number of the troops is too small, however, and the people are arming for self protection.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 21.—The Democrat's El Paso, Texas, special says: Reliable intelligence was received to day of a fight between Lieut. Schaffer, of Fort Bliss garrison, and Indians near the Valley, 100 miles northwest of El Paso, in which Lieut. Smith and four soldiers and George Daly, the Colorado mining expert, owner of extensive mines in Colorado, were killed, and Lieut. Schaffer wounded. The negro soldiers fled when the indians made the attack, hence the casualties.

The "Old Reliable" Commonwealth Distribution Company draws on 31st inst. as usual. Send $2 for ticket to R. M. Board man, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

JENNIE CRAMER'S FATE.

Blanche Douglass as a State Witness Against the Malley Boys.

All Evidence Now Goes to Show that Miss Cramer Was Murdered.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 19.—The web of evidence implicating James, and possibly Walter Malley in the murder of Jennie Cramer, seems to grow stronger hour by hour under the pressure of renewed investigation, and if the reports of the Prosecutor and the other officials of West Haven are to be relied upon, it will be a matter of only a short time before the true story of the poor girl's tragic death will be given to the public. The full and amended confession of Blanche Douglass of so many aliases, which still, for a wonder, is kept a profound secret, has undoubtedly much to do with the sanguine feeling of the officials; but her evidence, damaging as it may be, is not all that is requisite to establish the guilt of the boy prisoners. Others, however, have been found to corroborate her on several important points, and one in particular is held ready to testify at to-morrow's session of the jury, that he saw Jeanie Cramer and James Malley together near Hill's store house at 10:30 o'clock on the fatal Friday night. This evidence will supply the one missing link regarding the movements of the principals connected with the tragedy, but leaves the most important question of all unsolved.

Did he murder her? The officers believe they can establish that fact. The body was found in the water not a hundred rods distant from the spot where the couple were last said to have been seen together, and it is believed that the abrasions were caused, not by bruises from contact with the rocks or pebbles after death, but by forcible contact with the hard sand during a struggle with James Malley before death, and that afterward she was thrown into the water to create the impression of suicide.

It is also said that it will be shown by the evidence that Jennie Cramer and James Malley were both intoxicated on that evening, and that drinking to excess was not a rare thing with the unfortunate girl.

The plan is to conduct the perjury case against Miss Douglass, so that she will be kept here to be used as a witness. The Malleys are to be brought before the Justice on a charge of murder, on Monday, when just sufficient evidence will be introduced to secure binding them over. Then the investigation can go on, and the chemical analysis be completed.

It is now tardily admitted by the authorities here that there is but faint hope of ascertaining the real cause of Jenie Cramer's death through the medium of an autopsy, owing to the stupid and criminal manner in which that highly important matter has been attended to. The examination, which should have immediately followed the discovery of the body, was not made until 20 hours later and that by a man who, it is apparent, did not comprehend the ordinary rules of surgery. Subsequently after the officials at West Haven had been aroused by the press, Dr. Prudden took the girl's "insides," as one of the jurors innocently remarked, and examined them microscopically in order to detect the presence of mineral or vegetable poisons as a clue. After a useless expenditure of time, the brain, heart, liver, lights, lungs and entrails were eventually delivered over to Prof. Chittenden, of the Sheffield Scientific School, for a more thorough test, but from the deplorable condition in which they are said to have been when he received them it is thought that the investigation will be without any satisfactory result and one of the most important points of evidence for the people lost.

Rielly, the New York paramour of the Douglass woman, and who, it is claimed, induced her to make Tuesday night's confession, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Peck, went to New York to day to verify certain points in the woman's testimony.

The citizens of New Haven and vicinity are intensely excited and there are many startling rumors in circulation concerning the midnight conference held at the residence of Deputy Sheriff Peck at West Haven, where Blanche Douglass made a full confession of what she knew of the death of Jennie Cramer and the part borne by the Malleys. The jurors regard her statements as of vital importance, and while they are pledged to strict secrecy, and are, therefore, extremely reticent, enough has been developed to warrant the belief that the motive of the murder is known, and that it was not committed in New Haven but elsewhere, and that the body was afterward brought to the shore.

In response to an appeal from her former friend and confident, Sadie Monroe, in which she implored her for God's sake to abandon her present advisers and save herself, Blanche Douglass discharged her counsel, Mr. Blydenburgh, and threw herself upon the mercy of the State. She will be used as a witness notwithstanding the fact that she is now on record as a self confessed perjurer.

Dr. Shepard, one of the jurors, is reported as saying that Blanche Douglass' confession is very valuable, and when corroborated forms the most damning evidence against the prisoners. He says: "The whole thing is now plain. All the mystery is explained. It is as clear as daylight. The motive is shown beyond a doubt. She tells the story in a wonderful way. I knew that she had not told the whole story before."

Attorney Bush yesterday said that, from the woman Douglass' confession, there remains no longer any doubt that Jennie Cramer was murdered. He would not give the particulars, as he was under honor, precluded from saying anything at present. Blanche Douglass has explained to him why she committed perjury and he can well understand why she was induced to do so. He has ascertained the whereabouts of Jennie Cramer and the parties implicated on each day of the fatal week, and feels quite certain of the time and place, when and where the unfortunate girl met her fate. He further says that while it is not probable that the Malleys intended to commit murder, yet, as her death resulted during the commission of a crime, it will be difficult for the guilty persons to escape the consequences. It was at first thought by him that there were four persons implicated, but later developments show that there are not so many. He thought there was no likelihood of the jury returning a verdict before Saturday or Monday next, owing to the fact that certain links in the chain of evidence surrounding the death of Jennie Cramer had to be supplied, and these would be forthcoming.

As Blanche Douglass has voluntarily become the State's witness, the Prosecuting Attorney yesterday conferred with Justice Booth, of West Haven, and has secured an adjournment of the examination on the charge of perjury against her until next Wednesday. The State will probably treat her leniently, and her punishment will undoubtedly be comparatively light.

The Malleys when informed of Blanche's treachery professed to ridicule her statement, and maintained an air of cheerful ness. They persistently refuse to receive or converse with representatives of the press. Mr Malley, sr., is so affected by the disgrace and trouble brought upon him by his son and nephew, that his mind is well nigh unbalanced. His stock of goods is advertised for sale at a sacrifice, and it is reported that he intends to dispose of all his property in New Haven, and remove from that City when the trial is concluded.

Photographers' Convention.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The Photographers' Convention y

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of $50.

Home Talks.

Some one writes like this: "I have three children, bright, happy, joyous creatures, who are on the jump from morning until night. To keep them decently clean and well dressed, to look after their manners, to see that they are not rough and rude takes all of my time and more strength than I have to use, and I often feel like laying down the burden of life, and let some one else assume the duties which I cannot fulfil as I ought."

We could not but think as we read these words and others that followed that this mother was overdoing the work placed in her hands to accomplish, and here was the key to much of her trouble. There is often as much danger of giving these little ones an overplus of training as of not bestowing enough and the result is almost as bad, sometimes worse. Energetic children must run and leap, must shout and sing. They must tumble over fences, climb trees, throw stones, wade over brooks, sometimes fight, in short do a hundred and one things to use the abounding vitality which is a part of happy childhood. They *will* get dirty. It is impossible to make mud pies, to carry sticks and stones, to build wonderful structures such as gleam glorious before their vision, to roll and tumble without getting their clothing soiled.

The thing that everyone who has the care of children must study is to know just where to put a check upon the propensities of childhood. It is as we said before, a sorry thing to govern them too much, to make them feel that they have no freedom, no power to be happy in their own gleeful way. A word here, another there dropped at the right time, will do far more than an hour's lecture. Multiplied words become monotonous and lose their effect. There is a necessity for compulsion sometimes, but let it be hidden when possible under the guise of an appeal to the child's reason, for the smallest which is past babyhood possesses it to a greater degree than is often dreamed of.

Dirt is the great bugbear to most mothers, and it is no wonder. It is exasperating to see an hour's rough and tumble reduce an immaculate toilet to ruin, but, after all, there can be worse things. It is as impossible for some children to keep clean, as for the mothers to always restrain their tempers under such provocation. In the words of one little fellow when questioned, who had been left in all the glory of clean garments, to be found in a short half hour black as a street gamin: "Don know how it tum. I dess the dirt flied up on me for weal mean." And in very truth the child did not know how it came.

Of course there must be here a little caution or reproof and there a little, in order to inculcate good habits, but it is necessary to be careful not to make, in the words of our correspondent, "life a burden," which she would lay down in order that some one else could do her duties. She did not mean that in her heart; she could not, any more than she would wish to get rid of them by the passing away of the busy little fellows who keep her so busy. And apropos of the stilling of the bounding feet, the crossing of the tiny hands, the hushing of the merry voice, comes to us the thought of a poem from a volume recently published, written, we believe, by a California lady. It is called "The Mother's Grief," and is as follows:

So fair the sun rose yester morn,
The mountains felt a burning;
The golden tassels of the corn
Danced in the breath of morning.
The cool, clear stream that runs before,
Such happy words was saying,
And in the open cottage door
My pretty babe was playing.
Asleep the still a sunbeam lay;
I laughed in careless pleasure,
To see his little hand essay
To grasp the shining treasure.

To-day no shafts of golden flame
Across the sill are lying;
To-day I call my baby's name,
And hear no lisped replying;
To-day—ah, baby mine, they say—
God holds thee in his keeping!
And yet I weep, as one pale ray
Breaks in upon thy sleeping—
I weep to see its shining bands
Reach, with a fond endeavor,
To where the little restless hands
Are crossed in rest forever.

—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Thoughts of Home.

BY A. K. ERHNER.

The Summer moon with a mellow light
Shines on the graves of our loved to night,
And the evening dew drops gently laves,
The flowers that blossom above their graves

And the twinkling stars look gently down
(Where so many slumber, though each alone)
Like the pitying eyes of a faithful friend
Whose love is enduring and true to the end.

And the pale, cold marble so stately and white,
Gleams through the trees in the evening light,
And points to the City so fair and so bright,
Where falleth no shadow, where cometh no night.

Where away o'er the evergreen mountains of life,
In the City of jasper, from care and from strife,
Are the Savior's ransomed in numbers untold
Where the gates are pearl and the streets paved with gold.

And soon, very soon, will the moon's pale light
Shine down on my grave as it shineth to-night,
And I'll be in the City far over the sea,
In a mansion prepared by my Father for me.

Thank God for a promise of rest sure and sweet,
Where the weary find rest at Emmanuel's feet;
In a mansion all fair in the Kingdom above,
At Home with the Savior content in His love.

Reynolds, Ill.

About Flowers.

This is the month of rest to the flower growers, a time to admire our work and decide what our opinion is regarding the so-called novelties. Some of them are indeed a failure, others are what is claimed for them. Vicks' new Fringed Petunia is indeed a beauty, while Ferry's new dwarf-crested Coxcomb is splendid, with its immense heads and brilliant carmine color, and the new French marigold, "Meteor," is the handsomest marigold in cultivation. While resting we can make our plans for next season's flowers—what kinds would look best grown together, which are worthy and which are not. Then there is the Fall work for September and October, that is, the planting of the hardy bulbs. I hope none of the ladies were offended this Spring because I would not sell them tulip and other bulbs. I have almost every kind of hardy bulbs many varieties of which I could take up a thousand and have plenty left, but it would have been folly indeed for me to have disturbed them last Spring as then they would not have bloomed for me or the person who bought them. The time to set all hardy bulbs is in September or October. A nice large bed in the yard made rich and mellow with fine compost and set with hardy bulbs would be indeed a joy to its owner. Early in the spring when "old Sol" shows his face long enough to melt the snow off, we are surprised to find the little snowdrop pushing up its tiny green leaves, and a little later its pure white blossoms. Next after this comes the Spring Colchicum with its pretty purple blossoms then the blue, striped and white lily. Like flowers of the Crocus they are a favorite with every one and as they cost only 15 cents a dozen and snowdrops 20, there is no reason why everyone cannot have them. The next to bloom is the Candy Tulip; there are the double and single also the large show tulip and the Bybloems and Bizzares. The two last are not so common as the two first varieties yet they are very handsome, one being white flaked with crimson and violet, the other yellow flaked with purple and crimson. Then who is there but that admires the beautiful Hyacinth, with its long spikes of delicate flowers either double or single, red, blue, yellow, or white, some of them, in fact the most of them, very fragrant. Another beautiful flower is the Anemone, easy of culture and desirable everyway, while no one can imagine the beauty of the Crown Imperal until they have cultivated them. They are tall, stately plants, with lovely flowers and remarkable for the drops in the petals of the flowers which shine with a peculiar luster and resemble a pearl. The Iris and Scilla are also worthy of cultivation; and the Lily of the Valley needs no description, for it is an old favorite, with its pure white bells so very fragrant. Narcissus is not so well known, but equally as good. The double yellow is very fine, while the single white and yellow are very fragrant. Narcissus Tolticus has a tiny red edged cup in the center of its white flower. It is called "Poet's Cup" by many.

The Lilies are indeed the queens of flowers. The Tiger is very nice, but the white Lily Longiflorum is very handsome and fragrant, and very hardy. It is a good idea to cover the beds with straw or leaves when the Winter is really begun, although all of the above are perfectly hardy, yet they do better if given a little protection. I always grow some of the hardy bulbs in the house in pots and boxes in Winter; and in my next I will give my mode of treating them.

CHATTA BELLA.

Answer to "Bill."

In a recent issue "Bill," who designates himself as a "country teacher," defends the "Rustics," or local directors of the country districts and compares them in point of intelligence with the country teacher. Now I have the honor to be one of that unfortunate class, a "Rusty," or local director, and know by experience of the difficulties we have to contend with. In the first place we attend to the duties required of us without money and without price, no fat salary being attached to the office, and in what duties will you find men to serve without pay? Not the school teacher, certainly; nor do we ask it, all that we demand of him is that he shall perform the duties for which we pay, that is, teach our children, give them a better education than their parents have been able to attain, not merely to allow them to go through a certain routine of recitations and fill their minds with a jumble of words and sentences without the least idea of what they mean, but give them explanations, illustrations, anything, so that they understand the idea intended to be conveyed.

Our "Country Teacher," whom "Bill" so handsomely takes to task, says that a director is elected "because he has been successful in raising hogs." Granted. A country school is located in an agricultural district; the teacher is generally, (not always as we have some teachers who make the profession a study,) but in the majority of cases is a young fledgling, just emerged from his teens, and who in his own estimation is possessed of more brains than the balance of mankind, and being too lazy to work, must do something to contribute to his support. He applies for a country school. The patrons of the school, all farmers, with a limited amount of "book-larnin'," but with an abundant supply of practical knowledge bumped into them by contact with the world, all producers of "hog and hominy," select some of their most successful producers to attend to the affairs of the school and to choose from those paragons of learning that are presented to them as teachers, one to whom they may entrust the education of their children. They know even if they are "Rusties," that time passed without learning something is time wasted, the questions asked each other by school children when they meet are sufficient guides for the "Rusty Director" to know if the teacher is doing his duty. What book do you read in, and how many times have you been through the arithmetic, are not evidences of advancement. We "Rusties" have "passed through" that kind of a school ourselves—to go through "Ray's third part" oftener than other pupils in school was the hight of our ambition. All of the hard problems our teacher would work for us on our slates while we were at play at recess. We read them over, considered ourselves so much ahead, and took the next one. Is it any wonder that the "Rusties" distrust the country teacher? The majority use the country schools as a stepping stone to something higher, then sneer at us. HUMBUG.

Not So Pleasant.

I have been in Florida several months, brought here through the BLADE—that is, through the letters of "Orange Blossom" "Mrs Jefferson" and "Mrs. Beamis," that were published by the BLADE. Now I do not wish to accuse those of an untruth as to what they said about Florida, but their locality must differ greatly from this part of the State, for to say that I am disappointed in Florida does not begin to express my idea of the country. This certainly must be the most barren, desert-like land of any in the United States, at least I never heard of any so poor. It will grow absolutely nothing at all, unless heavily fertilized, and then will stand a chance of being frozen out a half dozen times, and have to be replanted if they wish a crop. The market gardeners have had to replant their crop four times this season and are not safe from frost yet, so say old residents. There are hundreds of large farms standing vacant with buildings upon them; lands almost cleared and fenced, (in this County,) all done by Northern men who came here through the flattering descriptions given of Florida, but who found that they could not possibly make a living, and were obliged to leave their places and all improvements and get back North as best they could. There are others here who would give anything to get back, but who can't raise the means. The climate is nice, that is, the days are warm, but the nights are very cold, and with the buildings built so carelessly and open as they are here a Northerner wants a good feather bed and all the blankets that he would need up North to keep him from taking his everlasting, never-got over.

The scenery is anything but inviting, nothing as far as the eye can reach but pine woods, large pine trees with moss hanging to them, which to me looks more like great cob-webs than anything I can compare it to. It is always dry under foot, only in the swamps or hammocks; no wild flowers in the woods, not even a blade of grass. Cattle so poor that they can not walk without twisting their legs, consequently we have no milk, butter or beef here, nothing but salt pork, shipped from the North. There may be other parts of Florida a little better than this, but I don't think it a fit place for any one to come to who will have to depend on the land or his own labor to make a living, as there are already more laborers here than can be supplied with work. Laborers receive only 50 cents per day, and are expected to work from 6 o'clock in the morning until 9 at night. How would you like that, eight hour men?

This climate might be beneficial to some invalids, that is if they had plenty of money to purchase every comfort. A Winter residence could be bought very cheap, and could be made pretty and comfortable, with very little expense. Flowers grow nicely when cultivated, especially roses, and shrubbery of all kinds bloom all Winter; if the frost kills off the buds in a short time new ones will come out again. It is too cold for the geraniums and flowers of that kind. Fruit and vegetables are very scarce but I think they might be raised if any one would try hard, enough, that is, for family use. Orange culture is a fraud as the trees will freeze down more or less every Winter. I think that is a blow raised to induce Northern men to invest in Southern lands. Hoping this may be the means of preventing some poor family from coming and being disappointed I bid you all good bye.

JULIA BURNS.

Bronson, Fla.

The Two Cribs.

I have read with great interest all the letters in THE HOUSEHOLD and especially those concerning children and their proper care. How I love a clean, sweet little baby, and how I pity a dirty baby. I love them too, but I always feel like holding the latter off at arm's length. Let us compare two little cribs that I know of. One is home made, but how nice and comfortable it looks. In the bottom is a little straw tick with a calico case next to feather tick with a case of the same, and ruffled all around, and then the pillow, just large enough and not too full, with a ruffled case to match the others, and the cradle quilt light but warm. How dainty it would look all furnished with white, but where there are three or four little ones they would soon get dirty and the mother has a large family to do for. No dirty clothes tucked in there out of sight. No indeed, for as soon as anything is soiled it is rinsed out and spread on the grass to dry, and then put away to be washed. The baby always looks dry and comfortable and nestles down as if it fully appreciated the loving care bestowed upon it. How is it with the other? The baby frets and worries and we go and rock it a little till the mother can take it, and as we sit and talk to it we cannot help noticing what is in the cradle. There is the inevitable old quilt that has served all the babies and a pillow or two crammed in, and instead of the cradle quilt is the mother's shawl, (and all the one she has too), which cost as much as half a dozen quilts. Down in the foot are the little night gowns wet and sour, and dirty clothes. What a smell! No wonder baby frets and cries to be taken up; who wouldn't? and no wonder the little girls grow up to be careless and slovenly, for "as the twig is bent the tree inclineth."

Mothers, do you realize that you are giving your little ones lessons every day, which in after years will make them careful, tidy wives, and mother, a credit to you and a blessing to their homes and families, or, just the reverse, a "misery" to themselves and every one else? We've had a good long talk on woman's rights. Now let us have something about woman's duty—plain, every-day duty. Before I go I want to say to the mothers, wash your babies' head with soft water in which a little powdered borax is dissolved, and it will keep it beautifully clean and white and make the hair grow nicely. This is an old BLADE recipe.

CYNTHIA.

Independence, Kan.

Southern California.

Will you allow me to answer, through THE HOUSEHOLD, Mrs. W. W. Allen of Del Norte, Col., and a score of others all over the North, who have asked similar questions, and tell them something about this section of Southern California.

The "mess" or table lands of San Diego County comprises a strip of country among the foot hills, commencing on an average about 20 miles from the coast, and extending back to the mountains proper, and the name or term includes all the tillable valleys included in the said strip of country.

It has long been known as the most healthful land under the sun and I will not insult it by comparing it to Italy or Florida, for it has all the blue and sunny skies of the former and the balmy airs of the latter, without any of the malaria, climatic fevers, or depressing moisture of either, and such wild, romantic scenery, and oh! such glorious tropical sunsets, as surely no other land on earth can excel; when the sky is ablaze with such vivid crimson and gold, purple and amethyst fading away through all the delicate gradations of color that an artist could imagine in a midsummer's dream, and then blazing up and fading again in some entirely new combination of beauty, which you may watch nightly during the entire Autumn, without ever seeing them twice alike.

But with this beauty and salubrity but little was known concerning the capabilities of the soil, until within the past few years, as the entire country was monopolized by cattle. Men found an easy task to keep their vast herds, on these succulent grasses, which kept them fat the whole year round, and many a fortune has been made here by their owners.

But our legislators at last were wise enough to ascertain that farmers had some rights as well as stock owners so they passed a law that the latter should pay for all damage done by their stock to the crops of the farmer, whether fenced or not, an advantage the farmers were not slow in availing themselves of, and now it has been proven that these fertile valleys are the natural home of the grape, the fig, the almond and walnut, as well as all the fruits of the temperate zone, and will produce all sorts of grain, corn, vegetables, etc., without any irrigation, and if I add that we have an abundance of the purest cold water everywhere, with black and post oak for firewood, I fear you will think we are about as near the Garden of Eden as one is likely to get in this world, and to make the comparison perfect, I will just add, *sub rosa*, lest you should all come at once, that we have also an occasional serpent to tempt Eve.

BALLENA.

San Diego, Cal.

To "Uncle Fred."

Did my poor letter "rile" you, Uncle Fred? I'm sorry; I didn't "go to do it." Did I say that being young meant being "vain," etc., in all cases? I think not. Please be good natured and don't twist things. I must have expressed myself very poorly, indeed, if you understood from my letter that I meant for "Vinmead" to select a venerable, gray-haired specimen, because experience dwells in him and mother likes him." No, no! If "Viamead" loves any one man better than another, let her marry him and none other, if she can get him. But it is very important that "mother" should like him; mother generally knows, by an intuition born of her love for her daughter, her own experience, or what not, "mother" nearly always knows something about the "nice" young men who come a courting, and are so very assiduous to please. There is one now out on the porch swinging in the hammock, with his finger between the leaves of "Mabel Martin," getting off some very smart sayings, if I may judge by the little tinsle of laughter that now and then salutes my ears. He is very "nice," but I can't imagine him coming out of any domestic crisis with any dignity at all. Now, my Palisander is big, broad-shouldered, grand in overlooking trifles, never "fussy"—not so very old, either—only 49. After 21 years of married life he is jolly still—and always winds the clock.

I don't remember, but I think I wrote my little advice to "Vismead." I wanted a recipe for making whisky pickles, which I got, (thank you, "Stella,") and now must ask "Uncle Fred" to excuse me if I don't write the pages he asks for. If he needs any advice (he seems to be on the anxious seat, but does not appreciate my words,) if he will write me I will tell him all I know—it won't take long. But let me urge this upon him, never meddle with your wife's wardrobe. I once knew a man, who in the time such things were fashionable, bought his wife a haker bonnet, but unluckily, did not ask her advice about the color of the trimming, which was green, while she wanted blue. I don't suppose the man knew the difference between the colors, but he stood a daily "nagging" on the subject for three months, but turned at last: "Good gosh-a-mighty Sary Alice, what difference will it make in the long eternity whether you have a blue or green tail to your bonnet?" Now you may laugh at it, but such trifles part your loving couples sometimes—hardly ever the wise, experienced ones. And I don't administer "poison" advice—often it is too late. Did I not say "have patience?"

AUNT BELL.

Fluted Edging.

Many thanks to the ladies who sent me directions and samples for knitting feather braid lace in reply to my request in the Household of the BLADE. They are very pretty indeed.

I wish to tell the friends of the Household how to knit a fluted trimming or edging, which is very pretty. Use Saxony yarn, any color desired. To begin with 9 stands for purl or seam, T O thread over, S. slip off K. knit, N. narrow. Cast on 18 stitches and knit across plain.

First row, knit across plain; second row, p 14 and pay no attention to the remaining stitches (being 4 in number) leaving these on the needle, turn and begin the third row, slip off the first of the 14 stitches on the right hand needle with the 4, then k 9, n, t o 2, k 2; fourth row, p 14, making one stitch of the two loops; fifth row, s 2, k 13, this ends one quill. Second quill, sixth row, k 18; seventh row, k 4, p 14; eighth row, k 1, n, t o 2, k 11; ninth row, s 1, p 13; tenth row, k 18. Continue knitting quills No. 1 and 2.

If the lady from Colorado, who asks now to make tomato ketchup will try this recipe, I think she will find it very good. To 1 gal. of tomato juice, (scald tomatos and strain through a cloth;) add 4 teaspoonsfuls of salt, 3 of black pepper, 3 of mustard, ½ of cloves, ½ of red pepper, 1 pt of vinegar; let it boil ½ away and bottle.

I very much prefer the following to catsup; it is called Chili sauce: 12 large ripe tomatos, deprived of the skins, but not of the seeds; slice or cut up small, 2 large onions sliced, 2 small green peppers, take out the seeds and chop fine, 2 tablespoonsful of salt, 4 tablespoonsful of sugar, 4 teacupsful of vinegar, 1 tablespoonfuls of ginger, 1 tablespoonful of cloves, ½ tablespoonful of cinnamon, 1 nutmeg; stir gently until well done; it should be about like ketchup, and bottle and seal it.

Will some friend of THE HOUSEHOLD send directions for knitting the old fashioned coin purses, out of silk?

MRS. F. G. KING.

Ottawa, Ill.

School Whispering.

"Kansas Teacher" seems to think he is unjustly criticised in his method of preventing whispering in school. I think he is not. His method of answering perfect or imperfect is an old rule which is numbered with the things of the past. The best rule to prevent whispering is as follows: Whenever you notice a scholar whisper, write his or her name on a slip of paper. When they have disobeyed four times they are to keep their seats during recess before and after noon.

I never taught, and never attended any except our common schools, and have had several different methods tried on me, but none succeeded better with the scholars than the one just named. It is the thing where there are a number of small children, for to be deprived of recess is to some worse than a flogging.

It is almost impossible to prevent the older class from whispering. If they cannot talk the janitor will have a nice time sweeping up little scraps of paper which pass back and forward from one seat to another. If the teacher tries to prevent this they will procure chalk and when his back is turned up goes a slate. This and many other ways of communication will be carried on.

So I have concluded it is best not to force and rule unless it cannot otherwise be done away with. For the well known hiss which one party gives to attract the attention of another will attract the attention of the whole school.

RACY MAX.

A Word of Warning.

I was very much interested in reading a letter in the BLADE of July 7, from "Florence Densmore," on Domestic Economy. I think such letters are very much needed. It would be well if the ministers of the gospel would preach such truths from the pulpit.

There is need of a reform. I think this a true statement: "It is not the money earned which makes a man wealthy; but the money saved out of the earnings." I do not think it economy to make "whisky pickles."

I felt sorry to see such a recipe asked for in THE HOUSEHOLD. I think it dangerous to trifle with the demon drink. There is a great responsibility devolving on parents setting an example worthy of imitation. Suppose a member of a family has been reformed from drunkenness, and a mother prepares something with intoxicating drink in it, brandy or wine, and it gives him an appetite for the accursed drink again! Who do you think will have to answer for the poor boy's ruin? Surely those who administer the poison to him.

Beware, mothers, you will have to answer for the evil done. "Touch not, taste not the unclean thing."

A. M. J.

Canton, Ia.

Away off West.

We are living on a homestead in Eastern Dakota, on the broad prairie which, until a few years ago, knew no inhabitants save the wild buffalos and the red men who chased them, the latter being still plentiful, but only the bones of the former remain, and they lay scattered on every side. Bountiful harvests have blest the settlers, and where a few years since was heard the savage war whoop, the rattling of reapers is now heard, which seems to tell of the westward march of civilization.

I will send my recipe for marble cake, not yet having seen it in the HOUSEHOLD. Light part, 1½ cups of white sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup of sweet milk, 1½ teaspoonfuls soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, white of 4 eggs, 2½ cups of flour. Dark part, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sour milk, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 2½ cups flour, yolks of 4 eggs, ½ teaspoonful each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. Drop the dark on the light and *vice versa* as you put it in the pans. Out here where fruit is scarce, all cooking recipes are thankfully received, at least by

PIONEER.

"Fowl" Advice.

To the ladies who wish to raise chickens for their eggs, I will say they cannot do better than to obtain some of the Leghorn breed, as it seems to me they cannot be beaten as to the number of eggs they will lay in a year. They do not lay as large an egg as some other variety, but they make it up in number. They are also a rather small fowl, compared with the Cochin or Brahma, but there is a delicacy about the meat with which the larger and coarser fowl is not to be compared. The Leghorns are a family of non setters, but one can borrow or even buy a few setting hens of their neighbors. The white Leghorn needs a clean grassy spot in which to roam, and then they are lovely. The Brown or Dominique Leghorn may roam at pleasure, but all need a warm coop in Winter or there is danger of their beautiful combs and wattles being frosted. The Rowen duck is a beautiful fowl and quite satisfactory in every respect. They are heavy, with a lovely plumage. I will not attempt to tell how many eggs ours lay some days for fear you will think it a "fish" instead of a fowl story. They are certainly very prolific.

ALCYONE

Roll Call.

I have always objected very much to the practice of requiring pupils to report their own conduct in school. I was about 12 years of age when the practice was introduced into schools that I attended. I believe I never made a false report, but I cannot deny the temptation was very great, when I saw my little friends answering perfect every night, and I lost my standing generally by answering them when they whispered to me. I was very ambitious, and desired to make a good record, both for my own sake and to please my mother, but I never could be so disobliging as to refuse to answer any one who spoke to me. When I taught I made a rule against whispering. I believe it is impossible to keep children in order without if there is more than a dozen in the same room. I now have children of my own in school. They are small and I do not see my way clear, to make lying look hateful to them when the teacher gives a premium on lying constantly. I want to see this matter agitated. I think it is a thing that mothers should have some thing to say about. "Kansas Teacher" does not depend on roll call entirely; therefore why depend on it at all?

KANSAS MOTHER.

To Paint on Silk or Velvet.

To paint on velvet, use any of the ordinary non-corrosive pigments or liquid colors thickened with a little gum. Preference should be given to those that possess the greatest brilliancy and which dry without spreading.

Stretch your silk as you would for water color drawing. Take your water color and mix with thin solution of gum arabic to prevent from rubbing off. To paint on silk with oil color, a sizing is necessary to prevent the oil from spreading. Take the white of an egg and whisk. Soak the silk thoroughly with the egg, then wipe dry with a piece of white silk, stretch tightly on frame and when dry paint as in water color.

If "Fannie" will get some good work on "China painting" with a little study she can paint in a short time.

PEARL OMMA.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me what is good for my eyes? They trouble me very much. In the evening they get so dry I cannot open them until I take my fingers and pull them open. In the morning I have to do the same and rub them to get a moisture started.—D. S. B.

I have got an acre of tobacco growing and would like to learn the proper way for curing for market; also the mode for manufacturing plug tobacco and fine cut.

We also have growing some plants, the seeds of which were sent us from the Agricultural Department, Washington, called OKRA. Can some of your readers please tell us in what way it is prepared for the table?—G. W. LANNING.

Will some one please tell me if there is a book published called the Ladies' Repository; if so, where and by whom?—INEXPERIENCE.

Write for information to the Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati, O.

ED. HOUSEHOLD.

We have what is commonly called the "Rake Handle Cactus" in our collection of plants. We have kept the plant for several years, but it never bloomed until last night. About dark the flower was fully in bloom. It only lasted one night. Will Mr. Rennie, or some one else, please to tell me what the true name of the plant is?—ETHEL, Augusta, O.

Can any of the members of THE HOUSEHOLD send me the following songs: "Soldier's Poor Little Boy," "Sister Mary," "The Widow by the Sea," "Nellie Gray," "Home Sweet Home," "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant?"—MISS MARY BOYD, Morse, Johnson Co., Kan.

Can any reader inform me how to clean a corn colored zephyr shawl without washing? I have heard of a remedy by steam but do not know how.—PEARL QUINN, Mt Pleasant, Pa.

Can any one send me the music and words of the songs entitled "The Two Villages," and "Birdie, Go Tell Him I'm Coming?"—A. ABRAMS, Ligonier, Ind.

Will some reader of THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me how to take lemon stains out of clothes?—CAM.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me where I can obtain a piece of music entitled, "Blue Danube Waltzes" and a song entitled, "A Life on the Ocean Wave?"—MISS ETTIE BRIGHT, Lion, Decatur Co., Iowa.

Can any of the many readers of the BLADE tell me how to can tomatos in glass jars, so that they will keep?

Many thanks to "Little Dorrit" for the pattern of the air castle, which I think will be beautiful.—SUSAN, Allenville, Pa.

Can any one of the BLADE readers tell me what will remove the hair from a lady's face so it will not grow out again? Also what is good to take to remove a tape worm from a child of 8 years?—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

The safest depilatory we know of is contained in "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipe Book." The following is said to be good: Make a strong solution of sulphuret of barium and then mix into a paste with powdered starch. Apply to the spot from which the hair is to be removed. Let it remain from five to ten minutes and then wash off with warm water.

Better apply to a good physician concerning the tape worm.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will "Verri," Carter Co., East Tenn., give his full address? He offers to give information to parties wishing to locate there. G. A. LINKART.

I would like very much to correspond with Flora M. S. if she would send her address. Will any one having Patterson's instruction book for the piano, also the song "Grandma's Advice"—the first line is "My grandma lives on yonder little green." Please address,—MRS KATE HAWTHORNE, La Place, Piatt Co., Ill.

Answers to Inquiries.

Answer to "C. B. T." If your brother smokes cigarettes of either paper or shucks you can cure him of the asthma by simply mixing about half and half of tobacco and stromonium, to be smoked in cigarettes, and inhaling smoke, night and morning. Just before going to bed is the best time, and if practicable once during the night if awakened by asthma. I am confidant that the above is a very good and cheap remedy, from experience. Use until relieved. Persons trying the above remedy please publish results.—W. S. LAMPERT, Texas.

In THE HOUSEHOLD of August 4, "Mary J. Bonaville asks some one to tell her what will destroy cabbage worms. I think I can, for I have destroyed hundreds by it. Take a worm between the thumb and forefinger and the slightest pressure imaginable destroys it, for they are very tender.—J. M. MC.

Tell "Mary J. Bonaville" to sprinkle her cabbage with a decoction made by soaking tobacco or tobacco stems in water, and she will soon destroy all the worms. This is a remedy that my mother has used for several years, and always with success, one or two sprinklings be ing sufficient. Do not put on enough to injure the cabbage.—J. H. SHANKS.

To the lady who wanted to know how to raise Southern mocking birds. As I have raised a great many and have never had any trouble with them at all, I will give my experience. For the first six weeks I use the yolk of a hard boiled egg and boiled potato mashed together into a paste, little pills of which I feed them every two or three hours in the day, giving them a drop or two of water every time I feed them. I drop the pills in their little beaks with my fingers. Sometimes I give them a little fresh beef and some nice mellow apple. After the first six weeks I mix cornmeal with water into dough as for young chickens, changing very often, as it sours so soon. I keep them supplied with the egg and potato and corn dough until after moulting, giving them plenty of fresh water to drink and bathe in. I keep the bottom of the cage filled with fresh earth, changing it every day or two putting a handful of gravel on top of the earth each time. After moulting keep one bucket full of dry corn meal, the other with pure water, and they will live. But I give them apples, cabbage, lettuce, potato, green wheat, grasshoppers, flies, and once in a while a spider. Be sure to keep the corn meal and fresh water always by them. Follow these directions and you will never fail in raising mocking birds.—E. L.

Tell MRS. HARRIS to cut letter paper to fit the top of her fruit and dip in whisky and lay over the top and seal.—MRS. KATE HAWTHORNE.

Recipes.

WHITE CAKE.

I send a recipe for White Cake which is excellent if made of nice white flour: 3 cups of sifted flour, 1½ cups of white sugar, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Rest the sugar and butter to a cream, then add the milk, (in which the soda should be dissolved) the egg—well beaten—and the essence. Mix with the above 2 cups of flour, and lastly, add the last cup of flour in which the cream tartar has been stirred. Bake in a hot oven.—MRS W. J. T

CHICKEN SALAD.

Take the breasts of two chickens; two large bunches of celery and four hard boiled eggs; chop these separately and fine; put together and mix thoroughly. Then make a gravy of one tablespoonful of mustard; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of vinegar, and one-half cup of butter; pour hot over the salad.

CREAM SALAD

Chop fine one half a head of cabbage; into it stir a little salt and one half cup of thick cream; heat one half a cup of vinegar, stirring into it the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, a teaspoonful of sugar, and one-half a teaspoonful of mustard; pour this over the cabbage just as it goes to the table.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Two eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 of butter and ½ cup of sweet milk well beaten, a little salt and pepper; stir into 1 pt. of boiling vinegar, and keep stirring until it boils again; then cool and pour over very finely sliced cabbage.

If these answer the requirements I may come again.—LILLIE.

TO PICKLE CUCUMBERS.

In response to the request of "M. A. L." in the last issue, I send this: 3 gals. of vinegar, 1 gal. of water, 3 pts. of salt, 1 lb. of alum. Scald together and when cold add the cucumbers. When taken up rinse in cold water and put in vinegar.—A., West Exeter.

Our Young Folks.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY F. H. COSTELLOW.

Where the solemn waves the whole day long
Seem saying, "Never! Never!"
As they creep to the feet of the hollow cliffs,
Fall back, roll in, forever,
There stands a light house, white and tall,
That like the house in parable
Stands "on a rock," and braves the shock
When tempests beat and torrents fall.
Ghost like at early dawn it looms
Above the gray cold ocean;
And, dull and chill, stands gloomy still
When wakes all else to motion.
But when the evening shadows sink,
And all the lonesome stony coast
Is lost to sight, while through the night
Drives in the storm clouds black as ink,
'Tis then that from that silent pile
Darts far a ruddy dawning,
Lighting the gloom, where the breakers boom,
In priceless, ceaseless warning!

Our Little Ones.

HOW A BUOY SAVED THE BOYS.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

It was one fine morning in early Summer that Sam Finney rose a full hour earlier than usual, quickly disposed of his breakfast, hurried through his chores, and then hastened off down the main street of the village to the steamboat dock.

Here he seated himself atop of a pile, and watched for the appearance of the "Laura Pearl," the favorite steamer that formed the principal connecting link between the quietness and oysters of Fair Farms and the bustle and markets of the city.

As a general thing, Sam did not take much interest in the arrival of the "Laura," as she was familiarly called; but to-day she was to bring with her Tom Van Daunton and his new row-boat.

Now Tom was a city boy, and had only passed one summer at Fair Farms; still, that was long enough to allow of his becoming the most intimate friend of Sam, who had lived in the little village all the 12 years of his life. Together the two had rowed, crabbed, fished, and fallen overboard to their heart's content, the only drawback to their complete happiness consisted in the fact that they had never exactly suited to their wants. Sam's father, to be sure, owned two or three, but all were used by his older brother, for clamming and oystering, while the Van Dauntons' Whitehall was very safe and pretty, but altogether to large for two boys not yet in their teens.

Nevertheless, as has been said, the lads managed to enjoy themselves immensely: and now that Tom's father had given him as a birthday present a sum of money with which to have a boat built for his own use, there seemed too be no limit to the good times ahead.

Tom had promptly hastened to inform his friend by letter of the luck they were in, asking at the same time for suggestions as to the sort, size, and color of the prospective craft.

And now it was all finished, and to-day the Van Dauntons, and Tom, and the boat were expected at the pretty little Swiss cottage on the river bank, which was just across the road from the Finney farm.

"Hip! hip! hurrah! Here she comes!" sung out Sam, as the "Laura Pearl" shot into view from behind the point; and he waved his hat with such energy that he nearly fell off the top of the pile on the back of a big hard-shell crab that was clinging to the bottom of it.

He saved himself, however, and as the "Laura" ran up alongside, dexterously caught her stern line, and placed it over the post.

"Bravo! well done!" shouted somebody from the upper deck, and there was young Van Daunton, looking a little pale after his winter in the city, but just as good-natured as ever, while at his feet lay the "Breeze," the wonderful new, oiled, cedar boat, 15 feet long, rather narrow, yet very trim, and with seats for four persons.

The "Breeze" was carefully lifted down, and placed on the wharf, from whence she was launched that very afternoon, with her two pretty flags flying fore and aft, and an admiring crowd of fishers and crabbers as spectators.

And all Summer long the boys interest in the boat never lessened; for when they became tired of rowing for rowing's sake, they pretended the "Breeze" was a steam boat, with Tom and Sam taking turns as Captain and Engineer, while little Vincent, as passenger, cheerfully consented to be picked up and set down anywhere on the route, as long as there was plenty of sand for him to play in.

With this new idea in their heads, the lads had rigged up a bell under one of the forward seats, which was connected with the stern, where the Captain steered, by a string, and by this means all directions as to stopping and starting were given precisely as on the "Laura Pearl" or any other steam vessel.

It was one afternoon late in the season that the boys determined to venture upon a more extended trip than any they had hitherto undertaken.

"'Twould be great fun to cruise along the bay shore, with land on only one side of us." It was Sam who spoke, and suggested the voyage, as he had afterward good cause to remember. "We might leave Vin in one of the little coves there, and then steer out toward the sea. What do you say, Captain?"—for it happened to be Tom's turn at the "wheel."

What could the latter say but that he was of the same mind? And as the day was fine, it was decided to put the brilliant idea into effect without delay; for around the point to the bay shore and back was no trifling distance, and it was already past one.

"Lucky the tide's with us," remarked Sam, as he answered the bell by pushing off and rowing leisurely down stream.

"But it's pretty near low water now, so you'll have to hurry up if you want it to help you all the way," and Tom cast a nautical eye shoreward to see how great an extent of snails was exposed.

The "Breeze" was, as Sam predicted, a very easy-going boat and now propelled by his strong young arms and aided materially by the outflowing tide, she went along at such a rate as to create quite a strong namesake of hers in the heated air, which blew refreshing in Tom's face as he guided his craft through the windings of the Leafic channel.

And now they had rounded the point, and the wide expanse of the bay, stretching far off to the city on the one side, and to the ocean on the other, was before them.

"Oh dear! how hot I am!" said Vin, eying with envy a clump of stunted cedars that grew close to the shore on their left.

"So am I," returned his brother; "but duty calls us to explore still further these watery wastes, so we'll just set you down here, where you can amuse yourself by making railroads in the sand till we come back." And as he spoke, Tom pulled on his left tiller rope, and then gave Chief Engineer Finney the signal to slow up, as they ran into a convenient little cove.

Vin lost no time in getting out and seeking the scanty shade which the trees afforded, and then the two "big boys" pushed off again, promising to call for their passenger in about half an hour.

"And now for the 'bright blue sea'" cried Tom, as he turned the "Breeze" bow in the direction of Europe.

Further and further in the rear the

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

QUERIES.

Put by Blade Correspondents.

ROMP

Will some reader of the BLADE please tell me what will cure romp on turkeys and chickens.—Mrs. M. E. S., Morristown, N. Y.

CABBAGE WORMS.

Will some one of the readers of the FARM give me an effectual remedy to prevent the ravages of the cabbage worm, or to catch them off by hand every other day draws largely on a person's time.—J. D. HERSHEY, Dot, Mich.

What can be done to save my cabbages from the green worms that have eaten them up for two years past? I handpicked the worms but still they come and will probably destroy my crop unless I can destroy them. Any information will be in order and will be acted on at once. Do the worms come from the black cabbage flies that seem so thick and are hopping around on the cabbage?—B. F. Yocksom, Washington, Iowa.

PURE CISTERNS.

What is good to put in a cistern to make the water pure and to take off all smell?—A SUBSCRIBER, Sparta, Ill.

WHEN TO PLANT SEED.

I would like to inquire through the BLADE when European larch seed want to be planted.—CHAS. D. ABBOTT, Bedoe, Dakota.

WIND GALLS.

A reader of the BLADE would like to know whether there is any cure for windgalls or wind-puffs on horses? If there is I would likea cure.—FRANKLIN FAIR, Big Grove, Iowa.

Cure for Chicken Cholera.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In your issue of the weekly of the 21st of July, Mrs. James Ashba wishes to know what is good for chicken cholera. When they take it, she takes all that have the disease and puts them in a barrel and confines them there so they cannot get out. Then she takes the herb called tansy, medically called tanacetum vulgare, and bruises it up, pours water on the bruised herb and makes up a dough that is fed to the chickens. She also keeps some of the bruised herb in the vessel the chickens drink out of. Treat both well and sick ones this way and the disease stops right away. Do not be afraid of hurting them with the tansy.—JOAN H. MCCOLLUM, Atwood, Texas.

The Cactus.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

The cactus is a very interesting house plant, and is usually quite free from all insect pests. It is of easy culture, thriving in nearly any soil. There are numerous varieties, all of which, so far as I have seen, produce very beautiful flowers in profusion, and I certainly consider a collection of plants complete without one or more varieties of the cactus family, and considering the case with which they are grown, this should be one of the first plants obtained; our own collection of house plants contains 11 different varieties of the cactus. F. H. D.

Quality in Milk.

Much attention is being given to the quality of milk, by dairymen, than was done a few years ago. It is a new topic comparatively, but one which may be profitably investigated. A correspondent of our Albany contemporary not long ago related the following instances in variation of richness in milk in the same animals, that are a little remarkable, and will serve a good purpose in stimulating inquiry and observation, with a view to obtaining more information in this behalf:

"A neighbor has a grade Jersey cow. In June her milk was exceedingly rich, testing by the cream-gage upwards of 24 per cent; the middle of October it tested only 18 per cent. The general observation of dairymen is that quality increases with the lengthening of the period of milking. This cow was in perfect health throughout the season and her food was unchanged. What is the cause of this exceptional action? No cause has been discovered, unless it be this: In June she was fat; in October she was poor in flesh from excessive milk production. The theory based on this is that in June she started with an accumulated store of material which went to add quantity and quality to the milk she naturally would have produced from her food. But that store being exhausted, the quantity and quality were both necessarily reduced.

A case of like bearing occurred in Orenago County a few years ago. Early one Spring one of the patrons of a cheese factory was found to be furnishing a very poor quality of milk. He had furnished a good quality the previous season from the same herd of cows. He was suspected of skimming or watering. The lactometer and cream-gage seemed to assure his guilt. A committee was appointed, who proceeded to milk his cows and test the milk without a possible chance of adulteration. The innocence of the patron was established. But what was the cause of this change of quality in a whole herd? The Committee reported that no cause was discovered excepting that the hay upon which they had been fed during the previous Winter was of poor quality, and consequently the cows were exceedingly poor in flesh. These two cases are not claimed to be sufficient to establish a principle; yet they lead to questioning some of the commonly received views.

It is a common view that a cow which produces a large quantity of milk necessarily produces a poor quality. Was not this view obtained from a failure to observe the conditions of milking stock? Is there any relation between quantity and quality that necessarily they are found in inverse ratio to each other? The quality may be poor because the production of a large quantity keeps the animal in a reduced condition. But every dairyman has discovered that frequently his richest milkers have been his largest milkers, and that only as they were reduced in flesh have the quality and quantity alike failed. Some cows produce such large quantities as always to be, while in milk, poor in flesh; but this does not militate against the following conclusions: Cows of the same breed, kept in equal conditions, quality to quantity, will more frequently be found in direct than in inverse ratio to each other."—*Farm and Fireside.*

Chicken Cholera.

It is highly probable that cholera in fowls originates by contagion and is introduced into flocks either by newly acquired infected fowls, by infected manure or feathers, or sometimes by the bodies of dead birds brought into or near the poultry by dogs or other animals. In most cases the disease can be traced to the first mentioned source. As the virus remains in a fixed form it is not probable that the disease germs are taken up by the air, but that they are taken into the body with food and other matter which has been contaminated.

Preventive measures, in this disease as, indeed, in most others when the causes and mode of propagation are known, are the safest resort. Where a flock of fowls is already infected, the first and most reliable symptom is the coloration of the kidney excretion which is voided by fowls with the offal. This, in health, is readily distinguished by its white appearance, but when the fowl is attacked by cholera this kidney excrement changes its color from white to pale, and then to deep yellow, and in extreme cases it becomes green. At about this stage an obstinate diarrhœa sets in. This symptom being discovered, the infected fowls should be at once killed, care being taken that no blood is left where the other fowls may get at it, and the bodies should be buried. The healthy birds should be removed to a clean piece of ground which is known to be free from the contagion, and the excrement of these fowls should be inspected daily to ascertain their condition, and to detect the sick birds. If the fowls can be separated into pens of three or four such detection will be hastened. Before placing the birds in new quarters it is well to fumigate them with sulphur, as the feathers are apt to convey the disease.

In case fowls are introduced from other localities where the disease has been raging, it is good policy to "quarantine" them, so to speak, for three weeks or so until they are known to be free from the disease. Any eggs brought from other places for hatching should be cleaned of any excrement which may be attached to them, and manure from infected yards should not be thrown upon land to which healthy fowls have access. By observing these precautions the disease may be excluded or exterminated. Cures have been effected by feeding cooked meat, red pepper, gunpowder and turpentine mixed together; also by placing water in which bi sulphate of soda, in proportion of an ounce to a gallon, has been dissolved, where the fowls can drink it.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Sheep Breeding.

There is no industry which offers greater inducements to the man of small means who either owns or rents a farm, than sheep-breeding in a small, careful and painstaking way. To those owning or occupying run down farms, which are naturally good but which have been cropped for several succeeding years without feeding the soil, will find sheep invaluable in restoring the fertility and in bringing the fields back again to profitable cultivation. Of course the sheep must have food other than that which the soil produces, but the breeder gets more than amply repaid for his comparatively small outlay for grain in the increased weight of meat as well as in fleece; while the latter is rendered more valuable from the animal being liberally fed and well cared for. No matter how the farm may be, whether fairly good or very poor, there is no profit in sheep if not well cared for, and the greatest measure of profit is only obtained when the sheep have care, attention and plenty of suitable food. The experienced breeder, he who every year reaps paying rewards for his labors, does not try to see how much meat or fleece he can produce on the smallest amount of food given, but rather how much he can induce the sheep to return from the greatest amount of food they can and will properly assimilate. It takes a certain amount of food merely to sustain life, and if only that amount is given no profit is possible, the profit only being obtained for the food given in excess of that quantity, and it can readily be seen that, other things being favorable, that those animals which consume the most food and properly assimilate it, are the most profitable for the breeder, provided the breeder practices high feeding. If those who do not succeed in realizing profits from their stock, sheep especially, would carefully read and remember the above few lines it might be the means of inaugurating success. As sheep can be successfully raised on land that is either too rough or hilly or uneven to be desirable for farming purposes, they commend themselves to those having farms which have such land on them. Such places produce the natural grasses, which are more nourishing, as well as better liked by the sheep, than the cultivated grasses, and some of our finest qualities of wool are produced in localities which would be uninviting to the ordinary farmer.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Fattening for Market.

All the early hatched chickens of the past Spring are now almost full grown, and as cold weather will soon set in, and no provision being made to accommodate the large flocks that have grown up in the breeders' yards, the best policy is to fatten and dispose of all surplus stock not intended for breeders.

November is usually the last month of the season fowls enjoy out door range. When we are obliged to shelter a hundred or two full grown, lusty cockerels and pullets in contracted places, our labors become greatly increased, and the profits decrease the longer we keep them. We are, of course, speaking of discarded young stock that first-class breeders consider not up to their standard. These should be two or three weeks cooped in shady and airy places and fed liberally with good corn meal and vegetables cooked thoroughly, three or four times a day, when they will be ready to slaughter.

It is not profitable to keep old hens after their second year, unless in particular cases, when you know them to be the best of layers and breeders. Young stock should be raised every year to take the place of the older birds. By following this plan you will have fowls both healthy and profitable.

In most of the poultry raising countries of Europe they never think of such a thing as picking up fowls from their runs and selling them in market, as they usually do in this country. Fowls are fattened before being slaughtered; consequently the value of poultry flesh as a delicacy over other meat is realized by the demand and increase going on steadily year after year.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Female Farmers.

France has agricultural schools for girls. One of the chief is near Rouen, which is said to have been begun with a capital of one franc by a Sister of Charity and two little discharged prisoner girls, and to be now worth $160,000. This establishment has 300 girls from six to 18. The farm, entirely cultivated by them, is over 400 acres in extent. Twenty-five sisters form the staff of teachers. More than one medal of the French Agricultural Society has been awarded to this establishment at Darnetel, and the pupils are in great demand all over Normandy on account of their skill. They go out as stewards, gardeners, farm managers, dairy women and laundresses. Each girl has, on leaving, an outfit and a small sum of money earned in spare hours. If they want a home they can always return to Darnetel, which they are taught to regard as home.—*Vermont Watchman.*

What Farmers Should Be.

Somebody lays down the rule what every farmer should be as follows:

"Not only an accomplished tiller of the soil, but also an excellent mechanic, a fair harness maker, the meader of shoes, a tolerable carpenter, pretty good blacksmith or machinist, and also a wide-awake, thorough judge and breeder of stock, knowing and caring for their ailments—not only horses and cattle, but hogs, sheep, poultry, or anything that money can be made out of. With all this he should be a civil engineer, acquainted with levels and hydraulics and repairs of pumps and if, in addition to these requirements, he understands laying stone and brick, and putting on plastering, as well as mixing and applying paints, he will find plenty to do, to say nothing of what he ought to know about grain and milling it."

"Patent Insides" Burned Out.

OMAHA, Aug. 17.—About 2 o'clock the Newspaper Union building caught fire from a furnace in the basement, and was totally destroyed, with all contents, two other buildings also burned. The total loss is $14,500; insurance, $8,000. Some 50 papers were supplied with patent insides by this newspaper union, and the fire will cause serious inconvenience. Fifteen paper sides were ready for shipment.

Liquid or Dry.

Some people prefer to purchase medicines in the dry state, so that they can see for themselves that they are purely vegetable. Others have not the time or desire to prepare the medicine, and wish it already to use.

To accommodate each class the proprietors of Kidney-Wort now offer that well known remedy in both liquid and dry forms.

Sold by druggists everywhere.—Truth.

FROM SHAME TO SUICIDE.

An Agent of the Anchor Line Kills Himself Because He Lost $100 in Gambling.

The Man's Previous Reputation and History.

CHICAGO Aug. 19.—The Times says: George Nielson, traveling agent for Henderson Bros., of No. 7 Bowling Green, New York, agents for the Anchor steamship line, shot himself through the head at the Windsor hotel, at Nos. 151 and 153 Dearborn street, some time on Tuesday afternoon or evening. Nielson arrived at the hotel on Tuesday morning, registered, and was assigned a room. On going to his room he found that it was not in order and went back to the office and reported the fact, whereupon a maid was sent to arrange the room. Nielson then returned to it and was not afterward seen. A chambermaid tried the door several times yesterday, always finding it locked. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon it was reported at the office that room No. 143 was still locked and the occupant could not be aroused. A bell boy was then sent up who looked through the transom and saw Nielson lying on his back on the bed, with his feet touching the floor. The door was broken open, and it was discovered that Nielson was dead. A Red Jacket revolver lay on his breast, and a pool of blood was beneath his head. He had held the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth when he fired. Death must have been instantaneous, as the body was lying as if it had fallen backward from a sitting posture on the edge of the bed, and showed no evidence of any death struggle. Letters and papers in the pocket of the deceased showed who he was, and two sealed letters lay upon the table—one addressed to "Mrs. Mary Neilson, No. 542 Hicks street, New York," and the other to "Jno. E. Earle, care of Henderson Bros., No. 96 Washington street." A messenger was immediately sent to Mr. Earle at his residence, No. 3 820 Lake avenue, and that gentleman reached the hotel at about 10 o'clock last night. From Mr. Earle it was learned that he was the Northwestern Agent of the Anchor Line Steamship Company, and that Mr. Nielson was employed by him to visit the various sub-agencies throughout the country. He had started two weeks ago from Chicago for a three months' trip through Michigan and Wisconsin, and the first intimation that Mr. Earle had of his presence in the City was the message stating that he had shot himself. The letter addressed to Mr. Earle said that when it was read the writer would have put an end to his life; that last Thursday he was in Escanaba and fell into the hands of a gang of gamblers who robbed him of $100, and that he could not bear to have that fact exposed. Inclosed was a statement of his account with his employers and the assurance that his wife would pay the deficit, amounting to $219, less his salary for the time he had been out. There was also a request that his body be sent to New York. Mr. Earle thought that the man must have been insane, as the small amount of his loss made it of no consequence. He would willingly have advanced him five times that amount. Mr. Earle says that Nielson was a straightforward, honest, sober man, in whom he had the greatest confidence. He was well known at the Windsor Hotel, where he had usually stopped when in Chicago, and the hotel people speak of him in the highest terms. He was about 30 years old, a Sweed by birth, and married. An affectionate letter from his wife, dated July 29, was found in his pocket. A telegram signed "Adolph Brown," and dated "Chicago, Aug. 13," was also found, which reads: "Cannot raise the money on so short notice." He had $39 in his possession when he died. The body, which had already begun to decompose, was taken to an undertaker's, and will be sent to New York after the coroner's inquest is held.

IT WAS LOADED.

A Frightful Sequel to a Joke.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 19.—Yesterday Dr. George W. Davis, of this City, returned from the West with the dead body of his brother, S. J. Davis, who was killed in Colorado about a week ago under the most distressing circumstances. Mr. Davis was a young man about 34 years of age, who came West from Vermont, his native State, several years ago, and during 1877 made St. Elmo and Alpine, Col., his home. He engaged extensively in mining and was well liked by every one. On Wednesday evening last, at his home, he took up a pair of Colt's revolvers, which he thought unloaded, and handing one to a near and dear friend named Day, said in a joking way, "Defend yourself." Day rose, entered into the spirit of fun which actuated Davis, and the two men snapped the pistols in each other's face. A report followed, and Davis fell heavily to the floor, shot through the brain by a ball from the pistol he had the moment before handed to his friend. It was all over in an instant. The jury rendered a verdict that Davis came to his death by accident. As soon as Dr. Davis, of this City, was acquainted with the facts, he left for Colorado and returned, as above stated, with the body of his brother.

BURGLAR KILLED.

He Waked Up a Man Who Would Shoot.

STANFORD, Ky., Aug. 19—Yesterday morning about 2 o'clock, C. L. Harris, was awakened by some one pulling at his pantaloons, which were under his head, and a voice saying, "You had better let go them pants." He jumped up to be confronted by two burly men, who crowded him into a corner, and ordered him to unlock his cabinet door. He refused to do this, and, in the scuffle which followed, got by his antagonists, and reached his gun, which was in another room. One of the men followed him, and just as he got near him, Harris fired both barrels of his gun into his head and breast. The man reeled and fell out of the door. As soon as possible Harris got his horse and rode for a doctor, but when they returned the negro was lying as he fell, stone dead, with a large knife in his hand. Harris then recognized him as a former laborer on his farm, Charles Bowman, whom he had driven away last spring because of his worthlessness. Harris gave himself up to the authorities this morning, and was, of course, honorably acquitted. There have been numerous burglaries in the vicinity recently. As two negroes have been killed in the act within ten miles of each other this week, a stop is likely to be put to such crimes.

Death From a Stone Bruise.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 19.—About 10 days ago William Evans, a negro employed about some of the down-town brickyards, sustained a stone bruise upon the bottom of his foot, which soon became so painful that he was compelled to quit work, retiring at the time to his bed in an humble home in the alley between Eighteenth and Nineteenth and Magazine and Broadway. Instead of getting better he grew worse every day. His entire leg swelled until it was almost as large as his body, and he suffered constantly the most excruciating pain. His physicians desired to lance the aching member, but the sufferer violently refused to permit any such operation, and the result of it was that yesterday morning he died, after having endured the agony of a 100 deaths. Evans was about 35 years of age, and leaves a family. The case is a very singular one.

The Pigeon Flight from Columbus.

NEW YORK, August 16.—The homing pigeons sent last week to Columbus, O., were loosed yesterday morning at 5 o'clock. The weather at the time was clear and the wind favorable. It was hoped that at least one of the birds would reach New York last night, but, owing to the fact that over 100 miles of the route were new to all of the birds none of them arrived.

LEO HARTMANN.

Why He Has Made Application to Become an American Citizen.

Wendell Phillips Criticizes the Position of Sec. Blaine.

NEW YORK, Aug 19.—The following appears in the Herald

I think the ground Mr. Sec. Blaine takes in his reply to Hartmann's counsel untenable. Had the State Department been hitherto silent, Mr. Blaine would have the right, as he claims, to remain silent, but since that department has had the misfortune to be compromised by the babble of its underlings, that babble allowed to stand unrebuked and not disavowed for days, allowed to be the basis and inspiration of the comments of the press, since all this Mr. Blaine is not longer entitled to the ground he claims to stand on, and the simple discharging of his subordinate now would not suffice to change the position of the department. It stands committed by its own laches to the most pernicious and disgraceful doctrine. Its teachings have already caused what was, until now, a respectable journal, to propose that our State Department should become "a bailiff of the Russian Czar."

When respectable editors are thus confused and degraded it is evident that "somebody in authority has blundered."

Mr. Blaine's letter has no tendency to set such weak brothers right. His trumpet gives, indeed, in this critical moment such an uncertain sound as discredits the administration and belittles the nation, and brings in doubt that grand independence of all foreign dictation on which England and America have prided themselves for the last century. Of course no one believes that the State Department in Mr. Blaine's hands is to set about a curious search for some such disgraceful distinction as will enable it to pander to Russia, soil the record of the Anglo Saxon freedom, and join in a slave hunt more disgraceful than those which followed the fugitive slave bill of 1850. And if that is impossible, why allow Europe and 200 or 300 muddled editors to believe in its possibility for the next six months?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

In an interview Hartmann said: "I am only in fear of kidnapping, and I believe I can best avoid it by giving my quarters, intentions and movements the greatest publicity. I have been constantly shadowed since I came here, and from the numerous attempts made to dispose of me in London and Paris, I do not doubt some such course has at least been thought of. I am positive I cannot be extradited by any international arrangement. It is acknowledged that in my attempt on the life of the Czar I did not seek the murder of the man Alexander Romanoff; I sought only the destruction of the vital exponent of a wrong principle. This is proved by the fact that while an attempt at murder is punished by the Russian Government with penal servitude not exceeding 15 years, one made upon the life of the Czar is invariably death. This recognizes the political complexity of crime. Even if in that railroad explosion many persons had been killed and wounded, this aspect of the affair would have remained unaltered. Yet the facts prove that no one was wounded. So you see I seek an asylum in this country as a right. In this view I am supported by Wendell Phillips, Victor Hugo, Swinton, and other men of intelligence and judgement. I want to mold the popular sentiment in favor of Nihilists. I want to show the people of this country in what condition Russia really is. In no civilized country is Russia so little understood as in the United States. How do I propose to gain this end? By lectures, articles in the newspapers and any means that are offered. The moral support, and possibly material, that sympathy will give a popular movement in Russia, may have its weight on those who are struggling and watching and waiting for the end which some time must come. That end is a Constitutional Republican Government in Russia, the people in power, authority vested in the hands of the Chamber of Deputies elected directly from the people, Czardom and slavery at once abolished, and the progress and development of this great country placed in the foremost rank of great republics. That is what we want."

MATTHEW VASSAR'S WILL.

$130,000 Given to Vassar College and Large Sums Devoted to Other Purposes.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 19.—After legacies to his widow and relatives, Matthew Vassar's will bequeaths as follows:

To Vassar College, for scholarships and educational funds, $50,000; for Vassar College professorships, $80,000; Baptist Ministers' Widows' Fund, $1,000; Poughkeepsie Fire Department Fund, $1,000; Home for the Friendless, $1,000; Ladies' Home, $1,000; Baptist Church at Poughkeepsie, $10,000; American Seamen's Friend Society, $2,000; Poughkeepsie Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, $2,000; Poughkeepsie House of Industry, $500; St. Barnabas Hospital, $5,000; Vassar Brothers' Home for Aged Men, $15,000; various Sunday schools of Poughkeepsie churches, $7,000; Vassar Brothers' Hospital (for grounds and building), $75,000; furniture and fixtures for the same, $10,000; and the Poughkeepsie Young Men's Christian Association, $3 000.

The executors named in the will are: John Guy Vassar, his brother; Mrs. Vassar, his widow; Oliver H. Booth, his cousin, and James H. Weeks; and in case of the death of any of these before the completion of the trust, Robert E. Taylor, of the Vassar Brothers' Hospital, is made residuary legatee. The remainder of the funds are to be invested to meet the expenses of carrying on the work. Mr. John Guy Vassar said he renounced in advance all bequests to be made to him by his brother, and that he will execute the work of erecting the Institute as a monument to the memory of Matthew Vassar.

TIED TO THE TRACK.

An Illinois Ruffian Fastens a Boy to the Rails to be Run Over.

PEKIN, Aug. 19.—Willie Cantrell, the 13 year old son of the Section Superintendent on the Indiana, Bloomington & Western Railroad, was sent to a field for potatoes. As he was on his way home he was met by a middle-aged man, with a blue shirt and smooth face. He seized the boy, threw him down, and with a rope tied him to the rails. The man then secreted himself a short distance away. The road here is curved and has a heavy grade. The passenger train due at 3.42 was upon the boy before it could be stopped. He was struck by the side of the pilot which broke his ribs and one foot.

As soon as the train had passed the murderous ruffian ran to the boy, evidently expecting to find him cut in two. But the lad had twisted himself to one side and escaped with the above named injuries. The man cut and threw away the rope that bound young Cantrell, and then made his escape through a corn field. The train was backed up, and the boy was found in the ditch, moaning piteously. Several passengers saw the man go up to the boy after the train had passed over him, and witnessed his flight.

Policemen and several parties are hunting for the brute, with the intention of lynching him.

For the Promotion of Science.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 17.—The meeting of the American Association for the promotion of Science, convened in Music Hall this forenoon. Five hundred delegates are in the City. The address of welcome was made by Gen. J. D. Cox. The association after adjournment will be given a free excursion over the Cincinnati Southern Railway to Chattanooga.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM.

Sen. Dawes Writes a Third Letter on This Subject.

He Believes the Pendleton Bill Would be Sufficient If Backed by Popular Sentiment.

Special Dispatch to Chicago Tribune.

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—Sen. Dawes has written a third letter on Civil Service reform, which is rather an answer to his critics and a criticism of the Pendleton bill than a discussion of new features. He complains that the theoretical reformer is incompetent and dogmatic and not at all disposed to listen to the suggestions of men who have had experience. He does not believe that the reform can be secured by any law which is not backed by popular sentiment, and consequently that efforts at the present time should be devoted to creating such a sentiment. He also calls attention to the existing law which has been on the statute book ten years, which authorizes the President to prescribe such regulations for the admission of persons into the Civil Service of the United States as may best promote the efficiency thereof and ascertain the fitness of each candidate. Mr Dawes expresses the opinion that no further statute is needed to secure competitive examinations if the President and heads of departments have the "belief and courage" to carry out the provisions of the present law. He believes that the main features of the so called Pendleton bill are excellent, and would be of incalculable value if backed by an aggressive popular sentiment. "The bill," says Mr. Dawes, "seeks to bring about these radical changes: First, the establishment of a non partisan Civil Service; second, the entrance into that service only through examination for it, primarily competitive; third, promotion in it to depend on the capacity and progress developed by actual trial. These he regards as the great ends to be attained. All depends on the second of these propositions, that of competitive and other examinations. There is no other method by which appointments in the Civil Service can be divorced from politics. He thinks that the method which the bill provided for the examination of applicants is fundamentally wrong, because the five men who are to make the rules and superintend their execution in Washington, and their Chief Examiner, who is to travel over the country and see that these rules are obeyed, hold the key to the entrance to the public service through which well-nigh 100,000 appointees are to enter, and thousands more are barred. He says that the provisions which makes three of the Commission the "adherents of the same party" puts it in the power of these three to select the Examiner from that party, so that there will in the management be four of one party to two of another. The fact that all local Examining Boards are appointed by the Commission and their Examiner, and that the decisions of such Boards are not binding upon the Commission, makes the power of this Central Directory well nigh absolute, so that it comes about that four men have the sole power to determine the qualifications of every employe that enters all the departments; but the chief objection is that this system takes from those who are responsible for the work to be performed the power to select the men who are to perform it. It is not Civil Service reform to take from the President and heads of departments, who are responsible, the power to choose subordinates and vest it in an irresponsible Board. Mr. Dawes believes that the Commission would be worse than a fifth wheel,—it would be a millstone. He believes that the examination must be conducted under the eye and direction of those responsible for the work. The bill, Mr Dawes thinks, is open to the objection of unconstitutionality, since the Constitution vests the power to make appointments in the President alone, the courts of law, or the heads of departments.

A VOLCANO.

The Genuine Article Reported In Idaho—Fire, Smoke and Rock Belched Forth.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 17.—A Lewiston, I. T., special says: A volcanic eruption took place inside of a mountain south of South Fork, Clearwater, about 20 miles east of Mount Idaho, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., sending forth a column of fire and smoke several hundred feet in hight, and rocks, which fell at a distance of several miles from the place of eruption. The shock was distinctly felt at Mount Idaho, on the extreme west of Camas prairie, and at the mouth of Salmon river, a distance of about 75 miles. Later news from Camas prairie reports that a column of smoke is issuing from the opening which is distinctly visible from the prairie. No one, as yet, has approached the place. Evidences of volcanic action at some former period exist in many places in the immediate vicinity. So far as the appearance goes the opening is less than 1,000 feet above the south fork of Clearwater river and within three miles of Milner trail, between Mount Idaho and Florence.

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

Two Children Killed by Snakes, and Another Scalded to Death.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 17.—A report from President, Venango County, says that three children, belonging to a family there, died last Wednesday under peculiar circumstances. Two of them while playing around in the yard were bitten by snakes, and their mother going to their assistance, left a kettle of boiling water on the floor, and the third child fell into it. All of them have died.

Hugh McVay, employed at the Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, received his pay, $43, on Saturday, and at 6 P. M. left for home. This morning his body was found in the river. There was a great bruise on the back of his head, and a deep cut over his left eye, as though made with a rock. No money was found on his person, and it is supposed he was murdered for his money. There is no clue to the murderers. McVay was about 50 years of age, and a very respectable and highly esteemed man.

Making a Deaf Woman Talk Right Out.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—An unknown woman was found in Thirty-sixth street. She was unconscious, and was taken to the hospital, where every effort was made to make her speak. Tears would come to her eyes, but she could not articulate a word. The next day the doctors applied a battery to her leg, when she rose and said, "What are you doing with me?"

It was learned that she had been in a deaf and dumb institution since she was 12 years of age. She had been enticed away by some man who promised her work in New York. She uses deaf and dumb signs with great rapidity, and appears to be much pleased when she meets any one familiar with the signs. She had not spoken for 10 years. The doctors will endeavor, by the use of the battery, to make her speak again.

Suing for His Daughter's Board.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—An elderly gentleman named Stephen W. Tunstall has brought an action in the Supreme Court against his son in law, W. W. Winton, to recover $2,000 for the support and maintenance of his daughter, who is the latter's wife. The plaintiff charges that Winton married his daughter in 1866, and deserted her in Scranton, Pa., in 1874. Mrs. Winton finally discovered that her husband was in business in this City under the name of William Winthrop. Her father had him arrested on the civil suit for debt.

Thousand of ladies to day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

A BRUTAL BROTHER.

Keeping His Sister a Prisoner and Shamefully Beating Her.

He is Also Suspected of Having Murdered His Wife.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 18.—The facts of a peculiarly atrocious case, in which a brother has kept his sister a close prisoner in her room for a week, squandered her income and beaten her shamefully, has just been brought to light. Yesterday afternoon the British Consul sent word to Chief Crowley that James Leslie, at No. 27 Minna street, was keeping his sister, Mrs. Christina Duesberry, a prisoner in her room, and was in the habit of frequently beating her. Officers proceeded to the house indicated. Here were found Mrs. Ann McManus, proprietress of the boarding house, and Bridget Whalen. The former stated that Leslie, his sister and his boys, aged 9 and 11 years, engaged a room with two single beds about two months ago. The sister, Mrs. Duesberry, said that she was a widow, her husband, James, having died in Scotland some two years ago. He was an officer in the British army and left a considerable estate. The sister has been receiving $75 per month from this source, and on this her brother has been living and has denied her even clothes. From the date of her arrival at No. 27 the sister has been kept a close prisoner in the house. Leslie it appears, was in the habit of forcing his sister to sign orders for remittances, and he has used the money in drinking and carousing. Whenever his sister would protest the man would strike her in the face and would wrench her elbows and ankles. On the 6th and 11th inst., when Mrs. McManus, to whom is due some $36, asked for the money, Mrs. Duesberry appealed to her brother to pay it, which so infuriated the wretch that he knocked her down and beat her.

The sister, who is now confined to her bed from the injuries received, is a niece of Sir William Pemberton, and bears all the marks of good breeding. When questioned by officers, the poor woman, who seemed to cling to her brother, tried to shield him, and reluctantly admitted the truth of the charges against him. On affidavits of Mrs. McManus and Mrs. Whalen, the inhuman brute was arrested to-day on two charges of battery.

The police surgeon who examined Mrs. Duesberry, found bruises on the left wrist, left elbow and right fore arm, and a contused wound on the left arm, which could only have been caused by violent blows. The blows given on the 6th inst. caused Mrs. Duesberry's face to swell and become black and blue.

The parties left No. 315 Minna some time ago, and the family there also gives evidence to Leslie's inhuman treatment. Some time ago he induced his victim to make a will in his favor, and since that time it is believed by those who have watched his course, that he has caused her death.

Although in receipt of $75 per month while paying but $18 for board, the woman has been unable to induce her brother to pay a small debt at the American Exchange and release her trunks. Both the woman and two children have scarcely any clothing. Leslie is about 50 years of age, of British appearance and, when arrested was under the influence of liquor. He has been frequently seen to force his sister to drink liquor, and has tried to keep her intoxicated. For two years, his sister alleges, he has done no work, but lived off her scanty income, and refused to allowed any one to enter the small room where she slept.

A few months before the sister arrived from Scotland Leslie's wife was found in her room on Mission street hanging lifeless to a gas fixture. The verdict was suicide, but foul play was suspected by the neighbors. Mrs. Duesberry is a woman of very prepossessing appearance, and regrets the notoriety thrust upon her. She has been suffering from a high fever and had no medical treatment or other care. She is daily expecting a remittance of £875 from Scotland.

A PANIC

And Wild Confusion on a Steamboat.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The steamer "Plymouth Rock," on her morning trip to Long Branch with some 1,000 or 1,100 passengers when about 20 miles from her destination, burst the steam flue, knocking open the doors of the engine room, from which an immense volume of steam hissingly escaped. A scene of terrible confusion and terror ensued, passengers being madly panic stricken in the struggle for life preservers; men were seen to seize them even from women. For about half an hour there was a scene of dire confusion in the upper deck cabin. The struggling mass was wedged, doors being blocked up, and, to facilitate escape, the windows were broken out by the officers of the boat, and passengers passed through head first. As soon as the panic had somewhat subsided the band struck up, and this helped to reassure passengers and restore order. The tug "Germania" went to the assistance of the "Plymouth Rock" and took her in tow. Before starting, however, the steamers "Schuyler" and "City of Richmond" also came up. The latter boat and the "Germania" towed the disabled steamer some distance up the bay to smooth water, where the passengers were transferred to the "City of Richmond" and brought to this City. In the panic a number of women and children were knocked down and trampled on, but to what extent they were injured has not been ascertained.

DETERMINED ON SUICIDE,

But Wanted to Put His Wife Out of The Way First.

SHELBY, N. C., Aug. 18.—For some time past it has been known that Mr. Wm. Brooks, a well-known farmer in this county, has not been getting on well with his wife. Why, was never known, but it is generally believed that it was from no fault of the lady. Yesterday he made an attempt to kill his wife, but the gun which he aimed at her did not go off. As he pulled the trigger he said: "I am doomed for the tortures of eternity, but you shall go there half an hour first." After being secured he expressed much grief at what he had done, and said that he would set apart to-day to hang himself. No attention was paid to this threat, as he had made threats of a similar nature before and never carried them out. He told his family that when they heard a gun fire at 12 o'clock to-day that it would be a sign that he was about to hang himself and he wanted them to hunt him up. To day he kept his word. He borrowed a gun and started from home with a well rope. Promptly at 12 o'clock the report of a gun was heard in the grove. Some neighbors at once ran to the spot, hoping to frustrate the suicidal design, but were too late. He was perched in the top of a tall oak tree, and as they got in sight he sprang down. The rope was round his neck, and he checked up at a fall of seven feet, breaking his neck.

Leo Hartmann Traveling Incognito.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—Hartmann, the Russian Nihilist, has been here incognito since Wednesday last, and, as he was leaving for Detroit, was interviewed by a Tribune reporter. He said he traveled under an assumed name to avoid Russian spies who are constantly dogging him; that he did not come to revolutionize this country, but to investigate certain points; that he intends to remain some months, but that so far he is not favorably impressed with the system of government here, which is on too small a pattern and of too common an order for a model.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Leo Hartman, the Russian Nihilist, appeared in the Superior Court Clerk's office this morning, and renouncing his allegiance to the Emperor of Russia, filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States.

A BRUTAL BROTHER.

A Reconciliation Effected Between Himself and Wife.

He Says He is Happy Now, and Will Never Drink Again.

ALBANY, Aug. 19.—The Journal says: It has been an open secret for more than a year past that Joseph K. Emmet (Fritz) and his wife were not on the best terms, and that was the reason why the popular actor behaved so badly. Every time that Mr. Emmet came to this City, Mr. Charles Leland has used his utmost endeavors to bring about a reconciliation, but has signally failed until yesterday.

With Mr. Emmet's boy, Joseph, Mr. Leland called upon Mrs. Emmet and prevailed upon her to cast aside her hard feelings toward her husband and once more assume her rights as his lawful wedded wife. Last evening the husband and wife met in the Delavan House in Mr. Emmet's room. Matters were discussed and a reconciliation followed. The unpleasantness being settled, future plans were agreed upon, and hereafter when the actor travels his wife will accompany him.

This morning a reporter of this paper met Mr. Emmet in one of the corridors of the Delavan House. His countenance was beaming with pleasure, and he was humming one of his favorite airs to himself.

"Well, Mr. Emmet, how do you find yourself?" the reporter asked.

"All right, old fellow; I am the happiest man alive; my wife and I have made up and hereafter I will be the old-fashioned Joe Emmet. I feel so happy that I can hardly contain myself. Do you know that ever since our unpleasantness began, (which was through a misunderstanding) I have not felt like myself and my wife also has not enjoyed herself at all."

"How did the thing come about?"

"Through the instrumentality of my friend Charley Leland. God bless him for both of us. He has tried hard to bring us together ever since we separated, and at last his efforts are successful. He explained the misunderstanding which caused the trouble to my wife, and then afterward brought us together."

"How long have you been married?"

"Sixteen years, and a man after being married that length of time can not bear to be away from his wife. When I would go home from the theater at night the room would be empty, no one to receive me, and I would see my wife's face in the wall on the ceiling. I could not sleep, and would take a glass of beer to try and put me to sleep. That would lead to whisky, and you know the rest. I made a vow not long ago that I would not play when I was drunk, and when in that condition I would tell the manager to close the theater, that I would pay the damages, which I could well afford to having never been addicted to the habit of gambling."

"Is Mrs. Emmet going with you?"

"Yes, she is going to travel with me all over the world wherever I go, and when she is with me I won't want any drink. It nauseates me, and I never will drink again."

A DECEIVING WIDOW.

Selling Herself to One

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Jeff Davis and family have started for Europe.

Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, will be married next October.

Col. John W. Forney is writing a life of Thomas Jefferson.

The standing armies of Europe number over 2,100,000 men.

Colliery operatives at Wilkesbarre, Pa., are striking for higher wages.

Governor Porter declines to call an extra session of the Legislature of Indiana.

The number of people at the Lancaster Camp Meeting last Sunday is estimated at 18,000.

Gov. Wiltz, of Louisiana, is ill, and it is feared that he will not again be restored to health.

Miss Harkness, who won the prize in Paris for violin playing, is the daughter of a Boston news carrier.

There are 1,400 doctors in Philadelphia, and yet the rate of mortality is lower than in several other Cities.

The phylloxera has made its appearance in Hungary, where it is making great havoc in the vineyards.

It is estimated that there are 33,679 miles of steel rails in the United States which have cost $184,600,000.

J. W. Cornelius a dentist and alderman at Madison, Wis., has been arrested for pilfering from a drug store.

Seven hundred men paraded the streets of Stettin, Germany, uttering cries against the Jews. Forty arrests were made.

Mrs. Annie Loptski, a Polish woman, of La Salle, Ill., gave birth to three boys and a girl, all of whom are doing nicely.

The people drove Clemens out of Terry, Ala., because he took a second wife three days after the death of his first.

A post mortem examination of the body of Matthew Vassar revealed the fact that he died of cancer of the bladder.

Henry Genet, of the Tweed gang, who has been so long imprisoned as to be almost forgotten, will be released November 11.

The 26th of last month was celebrated in Holland as the 300th anniversary of the Dutch uprising against Spanish Dominion.

Gen. Basil W. Duke will probably take the position of editor in chief of the Straw, of Louisville, under its new departure.

Grant's Regiment, the 21st Illinois, will hold a reunion at Effingham, Sept. 19 to 21, and the General has promised to be present.

Upward of 200 Chinese students have already arrived at Havre, France, from America, to complete their studies in Europe.

Since the beginning of the year, 3,110 miles of railroad have been built in the United States, the largest mileage for the same period since 1872.

Maj Seth Pierce, of Cornwall, Conn., the only remaining representative of the class of 1806 at Yale, has just died. He was nearly 100 years old.

France will next have her centennial. This 100th anniversary of the French revolution will be celebrated in 1889, and preparation will soon be begun.

The Chilians have suffered a disastrous defeat at Pisco, 42 leagues south of Lima. It is reported that of the Chilian force of 400, only 26 escaped.

The Germans in New York estimate the damage from the tornado at New Ulm, Minn., at $3 000 000, and have started a subscription for the sufferers.

An eminent foreign physician has reported a case of chronic lead poisoning resulting from the use of matches containing chromate of lead to light a pipe.

A Pottsville barkeeper claims to have seen a mouse killed by the opening of a champagne bottle. The mouse gnawed the string off, and the exploding cork killed him.

The perpetual motion inventors are not yet all dead. There is one near Bottsford, Ga., who says he has a machine that has been running continuously for five years.

Prof. Parkhurst, the astronomer, asserts that there is no reason to fear a collision between the earth and the new comet, as the latter will not come within 50,000 000 miles of our planet.

Jay Cooke is making arrangements to provide for Mrs. Sarah Marshall, a woman in the Philadelphia alms house, who became insane by loss of property brought about by his failure.

At Munnipoor, India, one of the tributary kingdoms to the British Empire, an insurrection broke out which the Maharajah quelled by executing 17 and imprisoning 300 of his subjects.

Charles Stewart, a negro, killed his wife with a hatchet at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and was taken from jail and lynched. His father in law prayed for him and then helped to hang him.

There were 10,654 births in Boston in 1880, there being an excess of 210 males. The marriages in the same time numbered 3 973 and the deaths 8 612, no less than 2 694 of the latter being infants under 1 year of age.

A Land Lesgue Convention is to be held at Newcastle upon Tyne, England. Justin McCarthy will preside, and Parnell, Dillon, and other prominent Home rulers will attend and make addresses on their future policy.

At the Medical Congress in London, Prof Pasteur delivered an address, in which he recounted his great success in France in saving sheep from splenic fever by vaccination. He also was equally successful in saving horses and cattle by vaccination.

Some time ago an effort was made to convert the late Mr. Spotted Tail to the Christian faith. After the scheme of salvation had been fully unfolded to him, he remarked: "White religion no good. God come on earth, white man kill Him. Indian wouldn't do that."

The question now at issue between the German Chancellor and the Vatican, is whether the former will abolish the tribunal for trying ecclesiastical causes. On this the Pope insists. If granted the concession of Imperial appointments to clerical positions will be yielded by the Pope.

It is now announced that it is expected that in November next Mrs. Garfield will again become a mother. Mrs Garfield was married to the President in 1858, in her 23d year and in his 27th. She is now in her 46th year.

The Arabs of Tunis, in the Susa district defy the Governor and his authority. The Arabs surprised the French camp at Gabis at night and killed 20 soldiers. All quiet at Sfax, but insurgents are within a few miles of the Town.

A new forwarding company has been organized at Prescott, Ont., with a capital of $2 000,000 to run a line of boats from Chicago to Montreal and Quebec, transhipment to take place at Prescott. Great barges and stanch steamers will be built for the trade next year. It is intended to commence operations at once with ordinary barges and steamers.

As an outcome of the late disturbances at Rome in connection with the second funeral of the late Pope, a duel has taken place between Alberto Mario, editor of the radical Lega della Democrazia, and Levi, editor of the Riforma. Both were slightly wounded. The weapons were swords; the place of combat just outside the Porta Maggiore.

An important and hitherto unknown treatise by Copernicus, on the movements of the celestial bodies, has been discovered in the archives of the astronomical observatory at Stockholm. This treatise is said to fill a valuable place among the writings of the great astronomer. There is no doubt as to its genuineness, and it is soon to be reprinted and given to the world.

The Capt. Cook fund amounts to $762.80.

The elections in Paris, Sunday, passed off without disturbance.

Stanley, the explorer, is reported to be dangerously ill in Africa.

A stock company has been formed in Cleveland to erect a $10,000 skating rink.

Archbishop Croke urges the people of Ireland to give the land bill a fair trial.

The Gage stove works, St. Louis, burned Sunday. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $50,000.

Arrangements are being perfected in Cincinnati to give Gen. Noyes a public reception on his arrival.

It is reported that ex-Sen. Conkling has purchased Robinson's Island, just below the Thousand Island Park.

Gen. Ward B Burnett, of New York is the only surviving graduate of West Point who was a General in the Mexican war.

A Toronto dispatch says: Considerable damage has been done to wheat by rust. Bugs are making havoc among potatos.

The Trades Assembly of Cleveland had a parade and picnic Saturday. Eighteen trades were represented, and 1,500 men were in line.

It has been decided to sell the "Great Eastern" steamship by public auction early in October, unless she is previously disposed of at private sale.

The latest American Consul at Vera Cruz died of yellow fever within one week of his arrival and there has been no applicants for the vacancy.

The will of the widow of ex-Pres Fillmore leaves public bequests to the amount of $50 000; among which is $20,000 to the University of Rochester.

Of one party, consisting of 25 of the returning Chinese students, it is stated that nine have changed their religious faith since they came to this country.

During the last 10 years the members of Presbyterian (Northern) foreign mission churches have increased from 3,512 to 14 588—a gain of over 300 per cent.

In all the mines in Great Britain there are, it is estimated, 378,151 persons employed, and the length of underground tunnelling in which they work is 58,744 miles.

Sen. Sherman will return from the Yellowstone country in about two weeks. He will then enter the Ohio campaign and make a systematic canvass of the State.

Gen. Stoneman, who was a noted cavalry officer during the war, is spoken of as a possible candidate for the next Democratic nomination for Governor of California.

Gen. D. H. Hill, who was one of Lee's division commanders during the war, is now President of the Arkansas University. The school has 440 students.

There is a weekly sale in Paris of toads which are brought in casks filled with damp moss. One hundred good toads are worth from $15 to $17. These are bought for gardens.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, who was recently exiled from France, has recently rented a villa in Scotland. The proprietor very prudently demanded the rental in advance.

Dr. Boynton, Mrs. Garfield's physician, emphatically denies the statement recently telegraphed to the press through out the country, to the effect that she is in a delicate condition.

Indian Agent Hunt announces the discovery of rich and extensive silver fields in Indian Territory, near Fort Sill, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs asks for troops to keep out intruders.

A chess congress is to meet at Berlin on the 28th of this month. Prizes are offered, and the leading players of Europe will attend. In Vienna there is soon to be a congress of anti-vaccinationists.

George Bliss, an intimate friend of Vice Pres. Arthur, says there is not a word of truth in the report that a conference was held at Arthur's house to induce him to take steps to assume the Presidency.

Dr. William H. Murray, of Albany, has a horse that cannot be stolen. He will stand on the street where the doctor leaves him, and nobody can coax or drive him from his post until the doctor takes the lines.

Prof. Snow, of the Kansas University, and his party, who were encamped in the mountains near Socorro, New Mexico, and were believed to have been butchered by Apaches, have made their appearance in Chicago.

Mrs. Garfield is quoted as saying that at no time since the President was wounded has he asked anyone to read to him from a book. Letters from friends have sometimes been read to him, and occasionally newspapers.

The Kansas City Times says: "U. S. Sen. Ingalls now dandles his 10th baby. Mr. Ingalls is a diminutive man from a Senatorial standpoint, but justice demands the confession that as a colonizer he is a glowing success."

A report on salt manufactures has been prepared by W. L. Rowland for the census. Twenty years ago New York furnished 59 per cent of the total production, while in 1880 she made 30 per cent. and Michigan produced 44¼ per cent.

The Senate of Georgia has passed a bill forbidding any person to encourage the violation of the laws prohibiting polygamy or bigamy, under penalty of hard labor in the penitentiary from two to four years; the blow is aimed at the Mormon elders now laboring in that State.

Col. Corbin, Master of Ceremonies of the Yorktown Centennial Celebration, is assured by the General Superintendent of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad that the road will be completed between Richmond and Newport News, also the branch diverging to Yorktown, in time for the celebration.

A Berlin correspondent says news has been received there from St. Petersburg of recent arrests there including an official of the general staff, who is accused of advising the Revolutionists of precautions. Although the prisons are filled with persons accused of political crimes, very few are brought to trial.

The British ship of war "Doterel," which was blown up a short time ago, has been found to be broken in two. Only twelve whole bodies have been brought up from the wreck, two being those of officers and the remainder of sailors. Six large guns, a mitrailleuse, and some ammunition have been recovered. The boilers have been found intact.

It appears that the depredations committed by the Mescalero Apaches were committed by a party of 70 of the red men who had come from old Mexico to live at the Mescalero Agency, N. M., but were chased into the mountains by scouts and soldiers. This is Agent Llewellyn's account, who says that the Indians now at Mescalero Agency have assured him of their remaining quiet.

The Vatican has been obliged to suspend, from natural causes, the publication of the newspaper organ which it established soon after Leo XIII. was raised to the throne of St. Peter. The editor was Mgr. Schiaffini, said to be a clever and able man, but "incapable of adapting himself to the exigencies of journalism." Of the circulation which the Aurora obtained, it is said that 1 000 copies is the extreme limit. Its short life cost the Papal Tressury some $20 000.

W. W. Goodale, of Brookfield, Mo., aged 77 years and a native of Northampton, Mass., is said to be the oldest living locomotive engineer in the United states. He was a steamboat engineer on Lake Erie in 1832, and began running a locomotive engine on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in 1834. He afterwards worked on different roads, including the Norwich and Worcester, in 1840, and was once sent to Cbili in charge of some engines.

$30,000 for $2 in the 34th drawing Commonwealth Distribution Company, on 31st inst.

A BULLDOZED PRIEST.

An Attempt to Break Up a Chicago Land Leagu Meeting.

The Reverend Gentleman Unceremoniously Ejected from the Building.

CHICAGO, August 23.—The Tribune says: As a general rule the sympathies of the Roman Catholic Church have been much more freely given to the Land League movement than is generally the case with undertakings of an insurrectionary character, but there are exceptions to the rule, and one was provided yesterday evening by the Rev. Father Grogan, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, in the Fifth Ward, who in a most unmistakable and, withal, undignified manner ran counter to the patriotic intentions of a number of his parishoners, and came out second best in the encounter. A meeting of the Michael Davitt Land Lesgue Club of the Fifth Ward was to have been held yesterday evening in the school room of the church, and a large gathering of the members assembled to take part in the proceedings. Much to their surprise, however, the reverend gentleman, who, it is claimed, had dined generously a short time previous, appeared upon the scene, and informed the Club members present that they could not hold the meeting in the school room. It was thereupon decided to adjourn to Finucane's Hall, some two blocks distant, but before the move was made his reverence made a fuller display of his authority by ordering those present to leave the sidewalk, at the same time denouncing them as a lot of scoundrels and unprincipled vagabonds. At this the meeting moved off quietly to Finucane's Hall, where they proceeded to transact the business of the evening. While this was being done his reverence again made his appearance and at once commenced a tirade of abuse upon all present, which was by no means as quietly received as were his previous attacks. Finally the holy father, the effects of whose sumptuous repast had by this time become markedly apparent, laid hands upon a member of the League, who demanded of his reverence whether he had his revolver in his pocket—a question which aroused the post prandial ire of the divine to the highest pitch. The meeting, however, got mad too, and all consideration for the cloth of the clerical intruder being dispensed with, he was forcibly ejected from the hall, and during the operation the toe of one of the Leaguers came in close and forcible contact with a portion of the clergyman's body, an application of shoe-leather which greatly accelerated his exit. The doughty priest, however, did not give up even at this clearly defined demonstration of the meeting's intention to transact its business at all hazards, and in a few minutes he returned with a policeman, whom he ordered to arrest the man who had emphasized his departure from the hall in such a cruel manner, but the officer was given to understand that he would not be allowed to remove any one from the hall, and he departed without making an arrest, the priest accompanying him.

The club then proceeded to transact its business. A report from the Committee of Arrangements was made, showing that the club had a balance on hand of $550 as the profits of last Sunday's picnic, and it was ordered that the amount be sent to the Land League through the Irish World. The meeting, which suffered from no further attempts at clerical bulldozing, then adjourned.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.

The Ending of their Conclave in the Woods at Neshaming Park.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—Yesterday was the last day of the Spiritualists encampment at Neshaming Falls Park. The members of the association have occupied the tented village since the 15th of last month, and are thoroughly satisfied with their sojourn. The committee regard the convention as a great success, and look forward to a similar occasion next year.

The numbers on the ground yesterday must have exceeded 10 000 persons, a good share from Philadelphia, but special trains arrived from Trenton and New York, bringing large contingents of curiosity seekers. The services began at 10 A. M. with a short address from Pres. Wood. Mrs. Field, of Boston, was the lecturer of the day, her subject being "Good and Evil," of which the strong point was that men and women should not marry unless they were satisfied that they harmonized together in every particular.

The midday hour was devoted to feeding the inner man, and over 5 000 dinners were served. The remainder brought their food with them.

At 1.30 the bell again announced the advent of services in the forest sanctuary, and Col. S. P. Kase was introduced, and proceeded to relate his personal experiences of spiritualism, and gave a graphic description of the alleged conversion of Pres. Lincoln to spiritualism, which the speaker asserted led more than anything else to the emancipation of the slaves. "In 1862," said Col. Kase, "I had an interview with Pres. Lincoln and presented him with a letter written by J. B. Conkling, a great medium in those days. The contents, whatever they were, induced the President to attend, in company with his wife, several seances. While at one of them several spirits, through the mediumship of Nettie Maynard, a young girl, addressed Lincoln in imploring terms, begging him to strike off the chains of the colored man. One night he promised he would, and within a week of that date the celebrated proclamation of emancipation was issued. In the Winter of 1875 I was present at a seance, when the medium intimated to me that the spirit of Abraham Lincoln was in the room and desired to communicate with me, and shortly after the following letter was rapped forth: "My friend Kase: Ten years have rolled by since my spirit took its sudden upward flight, though it was not without premonitions. I wish most sincerely to thank you for the knowledge I gained for the mighty work which has been accomplished, and I feel that I owe more to you than to any other human being, though I now see that the work was all planned and organized and ordered by the inhabitants of the spirit world, and by those who had in the earth life been its rulers. I have much that I would like to say, but I will seek another opportunity. I see many spirits anxious to say a few words. For the present farewell, with best wishes toward all.

[Signed] A. LINCOLN.

The Colonel said that he had not received any more letters from Mr. Lincoln, but asserted that he was in constant communication with the illustrious spirit.

E. S. Wheeler was the final orator of the day, and at the conclusion of his discourse Pres. Wood declared the encampment over for the year.

Diabolical Attempt to Wreck a Train.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 23.—The Republican's Hannibal, Mo., special says: "The fourth of a series of diabolical attempts to wreck a passenger train on the Wabash Railroad was made yesterday. As the train from the east, due here at 10:30 A. M., was rounding a sharp curve on heavy down grade, half a mile west of New Salem, Ill., Engineer Thomas Clark discovered a man trying to fasten a heavy tie to the rail. As the train approached the man leaped down the high embankment and ran rapidly into the woods near by. The engineer applied the air brakes and stopped a few feet from the obstruction. Before the train had actually come to a standstill every man had left the cars and was in pursuit of the fiend. The search was unsuccessful.

INDIAN FIGHT.

Lieut. Smith and Five Men Killed and Eleven Wounded.

The Indians Finally Routed, and are Being Hotly Pursued.

DENVER, Aug. 23.—Santa Fe specials give the following account of a fight in Lake Valley a few days ago: Lieut. Smith and his force of 20 men had been on the trail several days, and by forced marches overtook the Indians near McEvery's ranche, in Lake Valley District. The Indians were strong in numbers, and Smith attacked them, expecing reinforcement from troops following some distance behind. The soldiers were being rapidly shot down when, at the critical moment, George Daly with his force of 20 miners arrived and joined in the fight, and the Indians were routed with great loss. They, however, carried off their dead and wounded, so that the exact loss could not be ascertained.

The whites lost Geo. Daly, Lieut. Smith and four men killed and 11 wounded. The killed and wounded, except Daly, all supposed to be ex-soldiers. Daly's part in the attack grew out of an attack by the Apaches on his camp, in which the Indians surprised the miners in Camp Daly, but were repulsed. Daly at once collected 20 men and started in pursuit, overtaking the Indians as above.

Smith was one of the best officers of the Ninth Cavalry, has been engaged in several Indian campaigns and was several times brevetted for bravery.

Lieut Dimmick with a company of cavalry, and Lieut. Taylor with 20 Indian scouts, who was but a few hours behind Naras' main band, arrived during the evening, and, without stopping, continued the pursuit. They have probably overtaken the Indians before this, as the latter would be considerably delayed by carrying or burying their dead.

The hostiles are near the Mexican line, evidently making for Chihuahua, and are well armed and mounted.

The Mescaleros, who have been fighting with Nara, are trying to sneak back into the agency by twos and threes.

A company of cavalry has been ordered to guard Hillsboro and Lake Valley settlements, and if possible cut off or head Naras' band until Taylor and Dimmick overtake them.

DEATH-BED INSURANCE.

Swindling Harvest from the Grim Reaper in Pennsylvania.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug 22.—The statement having been made by officers of death bed insurance companies in this State that Gov. Hoyt had control of the policies on the lives of old people representing $100,000, and that other State officials had also invested largely in this business, the Governor was asked what foundation there was for these allegations. He replied that any such statement was a lie, and added that he had never had but one opinion of the companies, and that was that they were swindles, morally and mathematically. He had not only entertained this view of them, but had informed a number of persons who had written to him concerning these companies that they were swindles.

This is also said to be the opinion of the Attorney General, who, it is reported by insurance officers, is said to be largely interested in speculative risks, and the Insurance Commissioner. The latter officer for a time refused to approve the titles of these companies, and being much berated for his action he appealed to the Attorney General for an opinion, which was to the effect that the Insurance Commissioner under the law could withhold his approval. The Governor says that he would not grant a charter to any of these swindling companies but for the mandatory requirements of the statute on the subject.

An effort was made at the recent session of the Legislature to pass a law to break up the base speculation in human lives, but the opponents of it, by the use of the most disreputable means, defeated it. Among the men working against it was a member of the Legislature who has invested $150,000 on the lives of persons expected soon to die.

The defeat of the bill gave a new impetus to the organization of these companies, and to day there are over 200 in the State, with no prospect of diminution of the number. It is evident that the names of Gov. Hoyt and other officials have been associated with the companies as an investment to prosper their business.

$2,000,000 WORTH OF DIAMONDS.

The Gems Worn at a Garden Party at the Grand Union in Saratoga.

SARATOGA, Aug. 19.—The season here is at its hight. It culminated last evening in a garden party at the Grand Union Hotel. To night there is a carnival at the Congress. The garden party is said to have been the finest entertainment ever given in Saratoga. Five thousand Chinese lanterns were swung in the trees, and the spray fountain was illuminated by electric light thrown through colored glass. It was a scene from fairy land. Among the guests were Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Judge Hilton and family, Theron Butler and family, Emory A. Storrs and family, Surrogate Calvin and family, the Hon. David Davis, Mayor Grace and family, ex Mayor Smith, Jay Gould and son, William H. Vanderbilt, Jordan L. Mott and wife, Judge Walter Q. Gresham, Senator Jones of Florida, Henry C Lewes and wife, Gen. E. F. Bullard, ex-Gov Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, ex Sen. James E. McDonald of Indiana, ex Gov. Booth of California, the Hon Chauncey M. Depew, ex Mayor Vaux of Philadelphia, and others. The display of dresses and jewels were unprecedented. The value of the diamonds worn was estimated at over $2,000,000. The hotels are crowded, and crowds attend the races. It is conceded to be the greatest multitude ever seen in Saratoga.

This evening trains have brought in hundreds of visitors, and the hotels and boarding houses are crowded beyond precedent. Despite the rain, the carnival at the Congress to-night was a great success. William H. Vanderbilt gave a dinner this evening, at which Mayor Grace, Chauncey M. Depew, Foster Dewey, and others were present. The American Bar Association are dining at the Grand Union. At midnight ex-Gov. Hendricks and others are making speeches.

GEN. LESLIE COMBS.

His Death at Lexington, Ky., Aged Eighty-eight.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 23.—A special to the Courier Journal from Lexington says: Gen. Leslie Combs, who for some time past has been quite ill, died yesterday morning at 4 o'clock, aged 88. Gen. Combs has been prominent in the State for over half a century. He was one of the Kentucky delegates to the Harrisburg Convention of 1840, and labored for the nomination of Clay for the Presidency. He made a speech in Philadelphia on the night following the nomination of Gen. Harrison, and canvassed many States, wearing a hunting shirt and sash like the one worn by Gen. Harrison at Tippecance. In 1844 he was again conspicuous in support of Henry Clay, and received a testimonial from the Whigs of Kings County, N. Y. During the late rebellion he was an uncompromising Union man, rendering great service to the Government.

Dying Because She Could not Write a Novel.

GREAT BEND, Kan., Aug. 17.—Mrs. Liberty Ratcliff, living three miles south of town, committed suicide to-day by taking strychnine. She lived two hours. Her age was about 20 years, and she was married a year ago. Since the age of 12 she had been trying to write a novel, and became so absorbed in it that her husband threatened to burn the manuscript. When he went out to do some chores she took the fatal dose.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A Threat by Socialists—Switzerland to be the First Victim.

THE NEW KINGDOM.

LONDON, August 22.—The Baden correspondent of the Standard says that a scheme has been submitted to the General Government providing that Alsace be united with Baden and in conjunction with the Grand Duchy, be erected into a new Kingdom of the Rhine; Loraine to be united with the Prussian Province of Rhineland and become part of the Kingdom of Prussia. The Grand Duke of Baden expects to become the first sovereign of the new Kingdom.

THREATS OF SOCIALISTS.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—Special dispatches from Geneva report that the Socialists addressed a threatening letter to the Federal Tribunal in regard to their appeal from the decision of the Grant Council of Zurich prohibiting the Social Congress there in September. The letter warns the Judges of the Tribunal that they will be the first to be blown up, and states the Socialists have enough dynamite to blow up half of Switzerland, and that it is in Switzerland that a conflagration will begin that will burn up the world.

FRENCH ELECTIONS.

PARIS, Aug. 22.—The general result of the elections in Paris shows the return of one Moderate candidate, 13 Advanced Republicans, and nine Irreconcilables. Four second ballots will be necessary. Avowed Socialist and Revolutionary candidates generally received only a handful of votes. They are suspected in many cases of being started only for the purpose of causing divisions. The general result up to the present shows the return of 279 Republicans and 39 Opportunists. The former gained 45 seats, of which the Moderate Republicans secured 31, Republican Union 9, Extreme Left 3, and the Intransigeants 3. Forty-six second ballots will be necessary. The great feature of the elections is the defeat of the Bonapartists. In Derdogne alone they lost four seats. The following candidates of note were re elected: Ministers Ferry and Cochey, Treppel, Dechaisel, of the Republican Left and Left Center, and De Maicere, of the Left Center.

A WIFE'S WOES.

Her Husband Takes Her to St. Louis and, After Robbing Her, Leaves for Other Parts.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 19.—The Globe-Democrat says: The woes of a too confiding widow were related to Capt. Huebler, acting Chief of Police, on yesterday, and shows a want of common sense that should be rare in widows of her experience. She was the relict of Mr. A. M. Norris, of Chamois, Jefferson County, Mo., and when her first husband died she found herself surrounded by four beautiful children and possessed of a snug little property. Her life was a peaceful and happy one, but being devoid of that variety which adds the spice of life, she welcomed the appearance of William L. Smith upon the scene. Smith, who was an adventurer, succeeded in winning her affections and married her. Soon after which he persuaded her that Chamois was not active enough for his line of business, which is that of a carpenter, to live in, boarding being too expensive, and got her to convert her property into more available cash and come to St. Louis, where they arrived on last Tuesday. Smith did not believe in luxuries, and took his wife to a German boarding house on South Second street, where he left her. He returned in the afternoon with an express wagon and had his wife's effects put into it. He directed the driver to take them to the corner of Fifteenth and Chestnut streets, and when his wife asked him for an explanation he told her that he had procured a room for them to live in, jumped on the express wagon and drove away. On his failure to return his wife hunted up the expressman, who told her he had taken the trunk to the steamer "Belle Memphis." Smith had between $700 and $800 belonging to his wife, who he has deserted, leaving her without a cent and not even a change of clothing for herself and children. He told his wife by coming to St. Louis he would be able to better his condition. He certainly seems to have kept his word, but the poor woman is the most pitiable of all people—a broken hearted, deceived, despoited and deserted wife.

A LONG ISLAND ROMANCE.

Two Cases of Love at First Sight that Ended in a Double Marriage.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—There was a romantic double marriage recently in Huntington. On the 18th of July last an excursion party from Brooklyn visited Columbia Grove. Dr. George W. Heatley, a dentist, and George M. Tompkins were among the party. Two Huntington girls, Miss Lizzie Jenkins and Miss Ella White, aged 18 and 19, respectively, also visited the grove. Upon forming the acquaintance of the young women, Messrs. Heatley and Tompkins paid them marked attention. Mr. Heatley waited upon Miss White, and Mr. Tompkins was very attentive to Miss Jenkins.

A few days after this Messrs. Heatley and Tompkins went to Cold Springs to board, in the neighborhood where the Misses White and Jenkins lived with their parents. Subsequently the young men enjoyed the society of the girls much of the time in rowing, riding and visiting. These things went on for about a week. One evening the two couples visited the livery stable of J. C. Totten, and said they wanted to engage a carriage for about 45 minutes. The carriage was soon ready, and the party was driven to a minister's house in Huntington, where a double marriage ceremony was performed. Miss White becoming Mrs. George W. Heatley, and Miss Jenkins Mrs. George M. Tompkins.

AN ARKANSAS TRAGEDY.

Unsuccessful Gamblers Take a Bloody Revenge.

LITTLE ROCK, Aug 23.—In Scott County, 18 miles from Waldron, two men—Falsom and Hobbs—had been gambling several days with John Stewart, proprietor of a country store, a successful gambler, who won steadily until finally they arose from the table, took drinks, mounted their horses and rode off. The night after they rode back, woke Stewart, and asked for whisky. He got the liquor, when one of the desperadoes then fired a bullet into his body. The murderers then dragged him out into the street and shot him six times. Billy Messinger, who lives near Waldron who was on a visit to Stewart's family, heard the row, and ran out to see what was the matter. He saw Stewart on the ground, went back to his residence and told his wife the circumstances. While talking one of the men stepped up to the door and said, "God damn you, do you want to take it up?" Without waiting for a reply he shot Messinger in the back of the head, the ball passing through, coming out of the upper lip. Thus the second victim fell. Stewart was known to be a desperate man. The courts of Scott County show several indictments against him.

A Kentucky Town Nearly Destroyed—Killed by Lightning.

LOUISVILLE, Aug 20.—A Courier-Journal special from Richmond, Ky., says a fire broke out at 8:30 o'clock last night in Irwine, County seat of Estell, and destroyed all the business portion of the place, except three stores. The fire was evidently the work of an incendiary. The loss is estimated at $60,000 or $75,000, with but little insurance. It is feared that the Town will be a long time in rebuilding.

A special to the same paper from Princeton, Ky., says: Lightning struck Earlesville, a negro suburb of Princeton, killing an aged negro woman and crippling a little negro boy. The woman was crossing the street at the time, and was killed instantly.

HAIR RESTORER.

THE Admiration OF THE WORLD. Mrs. S. A. Allen's WORLD'S Hair Restorer IS PERFECTION!

For RESTORING GRAY, WHITE or FADED HAIR to its youthful COLOR, GLOSS and BEAUTY. It renews its life, strength and growth. Dandruff quickly removed. A matchless Hair Dressing. Its perfume rich and rare. Sold by all Druggists.

Established over 40 years.
Enormous and increasing sales
Throughout Europe and America.

ZYLO BALSAMUM (Mrs. Allen's)

A lovely tonic and Hair Dressing. It removes Dandruff, allays all itching, stops falling Hair and promotes a healthy growth with a rich, beautiful gloss, and is delightfully fragrant. Price Seventy-five Cents in large glass stop Bottles. Sold by all Druggists.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, August 24, 1881.

When the BLADE went to press last week money was easy, but unusual stringency set in and it went up to 4@6 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4½@6 per cent. The Stock Exchange markets were more active and depressed. Prices of Government bonds were weak most of the time, but closed firm and higher. The business done in railroad bonds was quite small.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 4@5 per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 4½@6 per cent. Bar silver, 111¾c. Exchange—actual business, $4.80¾ for long and $4.83 for sight. Government Bonds strong and generally higher. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in light request. After 11 o'clock, in stocks, there was a reaction of ¼@1¾ per cent, in which Louisville & Nashville, St. Paul & Omaha preferred, Missouri Pacific, Lake Shore, Union Pacific and Delaware, Lackawana & Western were the most prominent. Towards noon speculation again became firm and the decline was almost entirely recovered. Oregon Navigation opened at an advance of 4 per cent, but fell off at 4½ per cent.

Government bonds—U. S., 6's extended, 101¾; U. S. 5's extended, 101½; 4½'s coupons, 113⅝; 4's, coupons, 113½. Pacific 6s of 95, 130.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
Old Tennessee's	71	73	71¾	71¾	69¾	68½
New Tennessee's	68¾	72	71	70¾	68½	69¾
Old Virginia's	37	38	42	42	37	39
Va. con. 3's, d'f'd	16	19	16¼	16¾	16	16¼
Missouri 6's	111	112	12¼	112½	111¾	111
Louisiana 7-3's	67¾	65	67¾	67¾	66	67½

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 6's extend.	100⅝	102¾	101⅞	101⅝	101¾	101⅝
U. S. 5's, extend	101	102	101¾	101⅝	101¾	101⅝
U. S. 4½'s, coup	114½	115⅝	115¾	115¾	115¾	115¾
U. S. 4's, coup	115¼	116⅜	116	115¾	115¾	115¾
Sterling, sight	484½	484½	483½	483½	483½	484½
Sterling, 60 days	482	482½	481¾	481½	481⅜	482
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120	120	120	120	120

The value of the imports of merchandise into New York for the week ended Monday was $8,743,797, or $135,864 less than the values of the preceding week, and $948,955 less than for the corresponding week of 1880. The value ($6,006,239) of the exports for the week ended Tuesday, August 16, however, was $1,755,989 less than for the preceding week, and $2,792,833 less than for the corresponding week of 1880, making a comparative difference in the import and export values for the week of $2,418,878 against the port. The imports of specie last week amounted to $828,986 against $1,003,892 for the same week of last year, and the total imports of specie from January to date amount $32,169,954 against $8,800 468 to the same date last year; the total exports of specie for the the same time were $7,232,167 against $5,395,952.

The following is the bank statement for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$ 1 481 900
Specie, decrease	4,702,700
Legal tenders, decrease	84,300
Deposits, decrease	7,920,800
Circulation, increase	88,000
Reserve, decrease	2,805,200
Surplus reserve, decrease	

The Banks now hold $717,700 less than legal requirements.

The Public says: But the monetary situation, even without any modification of orders by the Secretary, does not seem to us as critical as many consider it. Whenever the rate of interest rises above 5 per cent. holders of the registered bonds can make money by getting them redeemed. Moreover, before that time in all probability the rate of exchange on London will make shipments of gold profitable. More than $90,000,000 already due to this country on last year's trade account and not liquidated by the specie imports of that year can be drawn upon whenever the rate of exchange favors. As to the indisposition of capitalists, here and abroad, to invest in securities at present prices, there is a sad superabundance of assertion and a plentiful lack of evidence. The purchasing which has been witnessed at every decline thus far since the railroad war became open, and since the worst reports regarding the crops were circulated, does not tend to strengthen confidence in the correctness of this assertion. The oldest speculators in the street, if of bearish proclivities, observe with surprise the "strange stubbornness of the stock market," and wonder that it yields not more under such pressure as has been brought to bear, and yet they refuse to believe that investors are buying. Possibly they may be right, but the appearances are against them.

DRY GOODS.

The active Fall season is near at hand, and the trade in various descriptions of cotton and woolen goods promises to be of large proportions. While trade has been steadily growing in jobbing circles, it has been by no means active in commission lines, as agents seem to have been fairly engaged in filling back orders and in taking care of the moderate replenishing and duplicate demand current for goods. The market for both cottons and woolens has varied but little, if anything, for some time past, but continues firm and in fact on all sides, with a good, strong, healthy undertone pervading all departments. Supplies of all desirable goods are in excellent condition in first hands, and the values of the same are firm and stable. Everything seems to move along like clockwork, quietly, smoothly and satisfactorily. General good feeling and confidence apparently prevail everywhere. All seem hopeful and sanguine as to the outlook for trade. The indications on all sides seem to grow in realization as well as in promise as the days go by. A successful season's trade is more than assured. The disastrous condition of the crops of some sections are being compensated by the fruitfulness and abundance of the probable yield in other districts, and any shortcoming will undoubtedly be well offset by such an increase the prices of cereals add other raw product as to make the producers of the country whole in a monied sense. The only thing to mar the pleasantness of the prospect of the prospect is the unfavorable symptoms of the wounded President, for whose speedy recovery the entire country is extremely solicitous.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co., Boston, says of the wool market: The market remains precisely as noted for some weeks past. Manufacturers are purchasing to a fair extent, but there is still more or less indifference on their part, while holders are not pressing sales, as they are confident that every pound of wool in the country will be wanted, and if manufacturers hesitate to purchase now, it will be followed by a more active and better market later in the season. The advices from the interior report a very quiet market at all points, but at the same time purchases could not be made in the interior and sold on the seaboard at any profit. Considerable of the wool in the interior is also in the hands of local buyers, and could not now be resold except at a loss, so that there is no prospect of any pressure to sell from that point.

The views of the wool [illegible] prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania X, XX and XXX, 0@0c; Michigan and Wisconsin X, 29@30c; Ohio No. 2, 37½c; combing and delaine, 41@48c; Territory, 15@32½c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 18@33½c; California spring, 25@28c; California fall, 11½@22c; super and X pulled, 35@47c; scoured, 37@77c; nails, 37@45c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston there was no material change to note in the boot and shoe trade during the week just closed. All the factories are fully employed. There is in the aggregate a large amount of goods being disposed of in the way of duplicate orders. The indications are